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ROSTER OF THE FEDERAL ARMY

Engaged in the Battle of Gettysburg, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, July 1st, 2d, and 3d, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEO. GORDON MEADE COMMANDING.

STAFF.

MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD, Chief of Staff.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL M. R. PATRICK, Provost-Marshal-General.
" " SETH WILLIAMS, Adjutant-General.
" " EDMUND SCHRIVER, Inspector-General.
" " RUFUS INGALLS, Quartermaster-General.
COLONEL HENRY F. CLARKE, Chief Commissary of Subsistence.
MAJOR JONATHAN LETTERMAN, Surgeon, Chief of Medical Department.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. K. WARREN, Chief Engineer.
MAJOR D. W. FLAGLER, Chief Ordnance Officer.
MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED PLEASONTON, Chief of Cavalry.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY J. HUNT, Chief of Artillery.
CAPTAIN L. B. NORTON, Chief Signal Officer.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS,[1] Commanding the First, Third, and Eleventh Corps on July 1st.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM, Commanding the Right Wing on July 2d, and July 3d.

MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK, Commanding the Left Center on July 2d and July 3d.

FIRST CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS, PERMANENT COMMANDER.
MAJOR-GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY, Commanding on July 1st.
MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN NEWTON, Commanding on July 2d and 3d.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—(1) Brigadier-General SOLOMON MEREDITH (wounded); (2) Colonel HENRY A. MORROW (wounded); (3) Colonel W. W. ROBINSON. 2d Wisconsin, Colonel Lucius Fairchild (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel George H. Stevens (wounded), Major John Mansfield (wounded), Captain Geo. H. Otis; 6th Wisconsin, Lieut.-Colonel R. R. Dawes; 7th Wisconsin, Colonel W. W. Robinson; 24th Michigan, Colonel Henry A. Morrow (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel Mark Flanigan (wounded), Major Edwin B. Wright (wounded), Captain Albert M. Edwards; 19th Indiana, Colonel Samuel Williams.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General LYSANDER CUTLER Commanding. 7th Indiana, Major Ira G. Grover; 56th Pennsylvania, Colonel J. W. Hoffman; 76th New York, Major Andrew J. Grover (killed), Captain John E. Cook; 95th New York, Colonel George H. Biddle (wounded), Major Edward Pye; 147th New York, Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Miller (wounded), Major George Harney; 14th Brooklyn, Colonel E. B. Fowler.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. ROBINSON COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General GABRIEL R. PAUL Commanding (wounded); Colonel S. H. LEONARD; Colonel RICHARD COULTER. 16th Maine, Colonel Charles W. Tilden (captured), Lieut.-Colonel N. E. Welch, Major Arch. D. Leavitt; 13th Massachusetts, Colonel S. H. Leonard (wounded); 94th New York, Colonel A. R. Root (wounded), Major S. H. Moffat; 104th New York, Colonel Gilbert G. Prey; 107th Pennsylvania, Colonel T. F. McCoy (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel James McThompson (wounded), Captain E. D. Roath; 11th Pennsylvania, Colonel Richard S. Coulter, Captain J. J. Bierer.[2]

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General HENRY BAXTER Commanding. 12th Massachusetts, Colonel James L. Bates; 83d New York, Lieut.-Colonel Joseph R. Moesch; 97th New York, Colonel Charles Wheelock; 88th Pennsylvania, Major Benezet F. Faust, Captain H. Y. Patterson; 90th Pennsylvania, Colonel Peter Lyle.

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[1] He was killed and succeeded by Major-General O. O. Howard.
[2] The Eleventh Pennsylvania was transferred from the Second Brigade.

THIRD DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY PERMANENT, COMMANDER on July 2d and 3d.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS A. ROWLEY, July 1st.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General THOMAS A. Rowley, July 2d and 3d; Colonel CHAPMAN BIDDLE, July 1st. 121st Pennsylvania, Colonel Chapman Biddle, Major Alexander Biddle; 142d Pennsylvania, Colonel Robert P. Cummings (killed), Lieut.-Colonel A. B. McCalmont; 151st Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel George F. McFarland (lost a leg), Captain Walter L. Owens; 20th New York S. M., Colonel Theodore B. Gates.

Second Brigade.—(1) Colonel ROY STONE Commanding (wounded); (2) Colonel LANOHORNE WISTER (wounded), (3) Colonel ENMUNN L. DANA. 143d Pennsylvania, Colonel Edmund L. Dana, Major John D. Musser; 149th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Walton Dwight (wounded), Captain A. J. Sofield (killed), Captain John Irvin; 150th Pennsylvania, Colonel Laughorne Wister (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Hniedekoper (wounded), Major Thomas Chamberlain (wounded), Captain C. C. Wlddis (wounded), Captain G. W. Jones.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General GEO. J. STANNARD Commanding (wounded). 12th Vermont, Colonel Asa P. Blunt (not engaged); 13th Vermont, Colonel Francis V. Randall; 14th Vermont, Colonel William T. Nichols; 15th Vermont, Colonel Redfield Proctor (not engaged); 16th Vermont, Colonel Wheelock G. Veazy.

Artillery Brigade.—Colonel CHARLES S. WAINWRIGHT Commanding. 2d Maine, Captain James A. Hall; 5th Maine, G. T. Stevens; Battery B, 1st Pennsylvania, Captain J. H. Cooper; Battery B, 4th United States, Lieutenant James Stewart; Battery L, 1st New York, Captain J. A. Reynolds.

[NOTE.—Tidball's Battery of the Second United States Artillery, under Lieutenant John H. Calef, also fought in line with the First Corps. Lieutenant Benj. W. Wilbur, and Lieutenant George Breck, of Captain Reynold's Battery, and Lieutenant James Davison, of Stewart's Battery, commanded sections which were detached at times.]

SECOND CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, PERMANENT COMMANDER (wounded).
MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN GIBBON (wounded).
BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. CALDWELL.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. CALDWELL.
COLONEL JOHN R. BROOKE (wounded).

First Brigade.—Colonel EDWARD E. CROSS (killed); Colonel H. B MCKEEN. 5th New Hampshire, Colonel E. E. Cross, Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Hapgood; 61st New York, Lieut.-Colonel Oscar K. Broady; 81st Pennsylvania, Colonel H. Boyd McKeen, Lieut.-Colonel Amos Stroho; 148th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Robert McFarland.

Second Brigade.—Colonel PATRICK KELLY Commanding. 28th Massachusetts, Colonel Richard Byrnes; 63d New York, Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Bentley (wounded), Captain Thos. Touhy; 69th New York, Captain Richard Maroney (wounded), Lieutenant James J. Smith; 88th New York, Colonel Patrick Kelly, Captain Dennis F. Burke; 116th Pennsylvania, Major St. Clair A. Mulholland.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General S. K. ZOOK Commanding (killed); Lieut.-Colonel JOHN FRAZER. 52d New York, Lieut.-Colonel Charles G. Freudenberg (wounded), Captain Wm. Sherrer; 57th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Alfred B. Chapman; 66th New York, Colonel Orlando W. Morris (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel John S. Hammel (wonnded), Major Peter Nelson; 140th Pennsylvania, Colonel Richard P. Roberts (killed), Lieut.-Colonel John Frazer.

Fourth Brigade.—Colonel JOHN R. BROOKE Commanding (wounded). 27th Connecticut, Lieut.-Colonel Henry C. Merwin (killed), Major James H. Cohnrn; 66th New York, Colonel Daniel G. Bingham; 53d Pennsylvania, Colonel J. R. Brooke, Lieut.-Colonel Richard McMichael; 145th Pennsylvania, Colonel Hiram L. Brown (wounded), Captain John W. Reynolds (wounded), Captain Moses W. Oliver; 2d Delaware, Colonel William P. Bailey.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN GIBBON, PERMANENT COMMANDER (wounded).
BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM HARROW.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General WILLIAM HARROW Commanding; Colonel FRANCIS E. HEATH. 19th Maine, Colonel F. E. Heath, Lieut.-Colonel Henry W. Cunningham; 15th Massachusetts, Colonel George H. Ward (killed), Lieut.-Colonel George C. Joslin; 82d New York, Colonel Henry W. Hnston (killed), Captain John Darrow; 1st Minnesota, Colonel William Colvill (wounded), Captain N. S. Messick (killed), Captain Wilson B. Farrell, Captain Louis Mnller, Captain Joseph Periam, Captain Henry C. Coates.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General ALEX. S. WEBB Commanding (wounded). 69th Pennsylvania, Colonel Dennis O. Kane (killed), Lieut.-Colonel M. Tschndy (killed), Major James Duffy (wonnded), Captain Wm. Davis; 71st Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Richard Penn Smith; 72d Pennsylvania, Colonel De Witt C. Baxter; 106th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Theo. Hesser.

Third Brigade.—Colonel NORMAN J. HALL Commanding. 19th Massachusetts, Colonel Arthnr F. Devereux; 20th Massachusetts, Colonel Paul J. Revere (killed), Captain H. L. Ahhott (wounded); 42d New York, Colonel James E. Mallon; 59th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Max A. Thoman (killed); 7th Michigan, Colonel N. J. Hall, Lieut.-Colonel Amos E. Steele (killed), Major S. W. Curtis.

Unattached.—Andrew Sharpshooters.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel SAMUEL S. CARROLL Commanding. 4th Ohio, Lieut.-Colonel James H. Godman, Lieut.-Colonel L. W. Carpenter; 8th Ohio, Colonel S. S. Carroll, Lieut.-Colonel Franklin Sawyer; 14th Indiana, Colonel John Coons; 7th West Virginia, Colonel Joseph Snyder.

Second Brigade.—Colonel THOMAS A. SMYTH Commanding (wounded); Lieut.-Colonel F. E. PIERCE. 14th Connecticut, Major John T. Ellis; 10th New York (battalion), Major Geo. F. Hopper; 108th New

York, Colonel Charles J. Powers; 12th New Jersey, Major John T. Hill; 1st Delaware, Colonel Thomas A. Smyth; Lieut.-Colonel Edward P. Harris, Captain M. B. Ellgood (killed), Lieutenant Wm. Smith (killed).

Third Brigade.—Colonel GEORGE L. WILLARD Commanding (killed); Colonel ELIAKIM SHERRILL (killed); Lieut.-Colonel JAMES M. BULL. 39th New York, Lieut.-Colonel James G. Hughes; 111th New York, Colonel Clinton D. McDougall (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel Isaac M. Lusk, Captain A. P. Seeley; 125th New York, Colonel G. L. Willard (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Levi Crandall; 126th New York, Colonel E. Sherrill (killed); Lieut.-Colonel J. M. Bull.

Artillery Brigade.—Captain J. G. HAZARD Commanding. Battery B, 1st New York, Captain James McK. Rorty (killed); Battery A, 1st Rhode Island, Lieutenant William A. Arnold; Battery B, 1st Rhode Island, Lieutenant T. Fred. Brown (wounded); Battery I, 1st United States, Lieutenant G. A. Woodruff (killed); Battery A, 4th United States, Lieutenant A. H. Cushing (killed).

[NOTE.—Battery C, 4th United States, Lieutenant E. Thomas, was in the line of the Second Corps on July 3d. Some of the batteries were so nearly demolished that there was no officer to assume command at the close of the battle.]

Cavalry Squadron.—Captain RILEY JOHNSON Commanding. D and K, 6th New York.

THIRD CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKELS COMMANDING (wounded).
MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID B. BIRNEY.

FIRST DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID B. BIRNEY, PERMANENT COMMANDER.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. H. H. WARD.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General C. K. GRAHAM Commanding (wounded, captured); Colonel ANDREW H. TIPPIN. 57th Pennsylvania, Colonel Peter Sides, Lieut.-Colonel Wm. P. Neeper (wounded), Captain A. H. Nelson; 63d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John A. Danks; 68th Pennsylvania, Colonel A. H. Tippin, all the Field Officers wounded; 105th Pennsylvania, Colonel Calvin A. Craig; 114th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Frederick K. Cavada (captured); 141st Pennsylvania, Colonel Henry J. Madill, Captain E. R. Brown.[1]

[NOTE.—The Second New Hampshire, Third Maine, and Seventh and Eighth New Jersey also formed part of Graham's line on the 2d.]

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. H. H. WARD Commanding; Colonel H. BERDAN. 1st U. S. Sharpshooters, Colonel H. Berdan, Lieut.-Colonel C. Trapp; 2d U. S. Sharpshooters, Major H. H. Stoughton; 3d Maine, Colonel M. B. Lakeman (captured), Captain William C. Morgan; 4th Maine. Colonel Elijah Walker (killed), Major Ebenezer Whitcomhe (wounded), Captain Edward Libby; 20th Indiana, Colonel John Wheeler (killed), Lieut.-Colonel William C. L. Taylor; 99th Pennsylvania, Major John W. Moore; 86th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Benjamin Higgins; 124th New York, Colonel A. Van Horn Ellis (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Francis M. Cummings.

Third Brigade.—Colonel PHILIP R. DE TROBRIAND Commanding. 3d Michigan, Colonel Byron R. Pierce (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel E. S. Pierce; 5th Michigan, Lieut.-Colonel John Pulford (wounded), Major S. S. Matthews; 40th New York, Colonel Thomas W. Egan; 17th Maine, Lieut.-Colonel Charles B. Merrill; 110th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel David M. Jones (wounded), Major Isaac Rogers.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General JOSEPH B. CARR Commanding. 1st Massachusetts, Colonel N. B. McLaughlin; 11th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Colonel Porter D. Tripp; 16th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Colonel Waldo Merriam; 27th Pennsylvania, Captain Geo. W. Tomlinson (wounded), Captain Henry Goodfellow; 11th New Jersey, Colonel Robert McAllister (wounded), Major Philip J. Kearney (killed), Captain Wm. B. Dunning; 84th Pennsylvania (not engaged), Lieut.-Colonel Milton Opp; 12th New Hampshire, Captain J. F. Langley,

Second Brigade.—Colonel WILLIAM R. BREWSTER Commanding. 70th New York (1st Excelsior), Major Daniel Mahen; 71st New York (2d Excelsior), Colonel Henry L. Potter; 72d New York (3d Excelsior), Colonel Wm. O. Stevens (killed), Lieut.-Colonel John S. Austin; 73d New York (4th Excelsior), Colonel William R. Brewster, Major M. W. Burns; 74th New York (5th Excelsior), Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Holt; 120th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Cornelius D. Westbrook (wounded), Major J. R. Tappen, Captain A. L. Lockwood.

Third Brigade.—Colonel GEORGE C. BURLING Commanding. 5th New Jersey, Colonel William J. Sewall (wounded), Captain Virgel M. Healey (wounded), Captain T. C. Godfrey, Captain H. H. Woolsey; 6th New Jersey, Colonel George C. Burling, Lieut.-Colonel S. R. Gilkyson; 7th New Jersey, Colonel L. R. Francine (killed). Lieut.-Colonel Francis Price; 8th New Jersey, Colonel John Ramsey (wounded), Captain John G. Langston; 115th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John P. Dunne; 2d New Hampshire, Colonel Edward L. Bailey (wounded), Major Saml. P. Sayles (wounded).

Artillery Brigade.—Captain GEORGE E. RANDOLPH Commanding. Battery E, 1st Rhode Island, Lieutenant John K. Bucklyn (wounded), Lieutenant Benj. Freeborn; Battery B, 1st New Jersey, Captain A. J. Clark; Battery D, 1st New Jersey, Captain Geo. T. Woodbury; Battery K, 4th U. S., Lieutenant F. W. Seeley (wounded), Lieutenant Roht. James; Battery D, 1st New York, Captain George B. Winslow; 4th New York, Captain James E. Smith.

FIFTH CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE SYKES COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES BARNES COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel W. S. TILTON Commanding. 18th Massachusetts, Colonel Joseph Hayes;

[1] Colonel Madill commanded the 114th and 141st Pennsylvania.

22d Massachusetts, Colonel William S. Tilton, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Sherman, Jr.; 118th Pennsylvania, Colonel Charles M. Provost; 1st Michigan, Colonel Ira C. Abbott (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Throop.

Second Brigade.—Colonel J. B. SWEITZER Commanding. 9th Massachusetts, Colonel Patrick R. Guiney; 32d Massachusetts, Colonel Geo. L. Prescott (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel Luther Stephenson (wounded), Major J. Cushing Edmunds; 4th Michigan, Colonel Hamson H. Jeffords (killed), Lieut.-Colonel George W. Lombard; 62d Pennsylvania, Colonel J. B. Sweltzer, Lieut.-Colonel James C. Hull.

Third Brigade.—Colonel STRONG VINCENT Commanding (killed); Colonel JAMES C. RICE. 20th Maine, Colonel Joshua L. Chamberlain; 44th New York, Colonel James C. Rice, Lieut-Colonel Freeman Conner; 83d Pennsylvania, Major William H. Lamont, Captain O. E. Woodward; 16th Michigan, Lieut.-Colonel N. E. Welch.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROMAYN B. AYRES COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel HANNIBAL DAY, 6th U. S. Infantry, Commanding. 3d U. S. Infantry, Captain H. W. Freedley (wounded), Captain Richard G. Lay; 4th U. S. Infantry, Captain J. W. Adams; 6th U. S. Infantry, Captain Levi C. Bootes; 12th U. S. Infantry, Captain Thomas S. Dunn; 14th U. S. Infantry, Major G. R. Giddings.

Second Brigade.—Colonel SIDNEY BURBANK, 2d U. S. Infantry, Commanding. 2d U. S. Infantry, Major A. T. Lee (wounded), Captain S. A. McKee; 7th U. S. Infantry, Captain D. P. Hancock; 10th U. S. Infantry, Captain William Clinton; 11th U. S. Infantry, Major De L. Floyd Jones; 17th U. S. Infantry, Lieut.-Colonel Durrell Green.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General S. H. WEED (killed); Colonel KENNER GARRARD. 140th New York, Colonel Patrick H. O'Rorke (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Louis Ernst; 146th New York, Colonel K. Garrard, Lieut.-Colonel David T. Jenkins; 91st Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Joseph H. Sinex; 155th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John H. Cain.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. WILEY CRAWFORD COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel WILLIAM MCCANDLESS Commanding. 1st Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel William Cooper Talley; 2d Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel William McCandless, Lieut.-Colonel George A. Woodward; 6th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel Wellington H. Ent; 11th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel S. M. Jackson; 1st Rifles (Bucktails), Colonel Charles J. Taylor (killed), Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Niles (wounded), Major William R. Hartshorn.

Second Brigade.—Colonel JOSEPH W. FISHER Commanding. 5th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel J. W. Fisher, Lieut.-Colonel George Dare; 9th Pennsylvania Reserves, Lieut.-Colonel James McK. Snodgrass; 10th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel A. J. Warner; 12th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel M. D. Hardin.

Artillery Brigade.—Captain A. P. MARTIN Commanding. Battery D, 5th United States, Lieutenant Charles E. Hazlett (killed), Lieutenant B. F. Rittenhouse; Battery I, 5th United States, Lieutenant Leonard Martin; Battery C, 1st New York, Captain Albert Barnes; Battery L, 1st Ohio, Captain N. C. Gibbs; Battery C, Massachusetts, Captain A. P. Martin.

Provost Guard.—Captain H. W. RYDER. Companies E and D, 12th New York.

SIXTH CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. G. WRIGHT COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General A. T. A. TORBERT Commanding. 1st New Jersey, Lieut.-Colonel William Henry, Jr.; 2d New Jersey, Colonel Samuel L. Buck; 3d New Jersey, Colonel Henry W. Brown; 15th New Jersey, Colonel William H. Penrose.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. J. BARTLETT Commanding. 5th Maine, Colonel Clark S. Edwards; 121st New York, Colonel Emory Upton; 95th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Edward Carroll; 96th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel William H. Lessig.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General D. A. RUSSELL Commanding. 6th Maine, Colonel Hiram Burnham; 49th Pennsylvania, Colonel William H. Irvin; 119th Pennsylvania, Colonel P. C. Ellmaker; 5th Wisconsin, Colonel Thomas S. Allen.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. P. HOWE COMMANDING.

Second Brigade.—Colonel L. A. GRANT Commanding. 2d Vermont, Colonel J. H. Walbridge; 3d Vermont, Colonel T. G. Seaver; 4th Vermont, Colonel E. H. Stonghton; 5th Vermont, Lieut.-Colonel John R. Lewis; 6th Vermont, Lieut.-Colonel Elisha L. Barney.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General T. A. NEILL Commanding. 7th Maine, Lieut.-Colonel Seldon Conner; 49th New York, Colonel D. D. Bidwell; 77th New York, Colonel J. B. McKean; 43d New York, Colonel B. F. Baker; 61st Pennsylvania, Major Geo. W. Dawson.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANK WHEATON COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General ALEXANDER SHALER Commanding. 65th New York, Colonel J. E. Hamblin; 67th New York, Colonel Nelson Cross; 122d New York, Lieut.-Colonel A. W. Dwight; 23d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John F. Glenn; 82d Pennsylvania, Colonel Isaac Bassett.

Second Brigade.—Colonel H. L. EUSTIS Commanding. 7th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Colonel Franklin P. Harlow; 10th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Colonel Jefford M. Decker; 37th Massachusetts, Colonel Oliver Edwards; 2d Rhode Island, Colonel Horatio Rogers.

Third Brigade.—Colonel DAVID L. NEVIN Commanding. 62d New York, Colonel D. L. Nevin, Lieut.-Colonel Theo. B. Hamilton; 102d Pennsylvania,[1] Colonel John W. Patterson; 93d Pennsylvania, Colonel

[1] Not engaged.

James M. McCarter; 98th Pennsylvania, Major John B. Kohler; 139th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel William H. Moody.

Artillery Brigade.—Colonel C. H. TOMPKINS Commanding. Battery A, 1st Massachusetts, Captain W. H. McCartney; Battery D, 2d United States, Lieutenant E. B. Williston; Battery F, 5th United States, Lieutenant Leonard Martin; Battery G, 2d United States, Lieutenant John H. Butler; Battery C, 1st Rhode Island, Captain Richard Waterman; Battery G, 1st Rhode Island, Captain George W. Adams; 1st New York, Captain Andrew Cowan; 3d New York, Captain William A. Harn.

Cavalry Detachment.—Captain WILLIAM L. CRAFT Commanding. H, 1st Pennsylvania; L, 1st New Jersey.

ELEVENTH CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD, PERMANENT COMMANDER.
MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ, July 1st.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANCIS C BARLOW COMMANDING (wounded).
BRIGADIER-GENERAL ADELBERT AMES.

First Brigade.—Colonel LEOPOLD VON GILSA Commanding. 41st New York, Colonel L. Von Gilsa, Lieut.-Colonel D. Von Einsiedel; 54th New York, Colonel Eugene A. Kozley; 68th New York, Colonel Gotthilf Bonrney de Ivernois; 153d Pennsylvania, Colonel Charles Clanz.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General ADELBERT AMES Commanding; Colonel ANDREW L HARRIS. 17th Connecticnt, Lieut.-Colonel Douglass Fowler (killed), Major A. G. Brady (wounded); 25th Ohio, Lieut.-Colonel Jeremiah Williams (captured), Lieutenant Willliam Maloney (wounded), Lieutenant Israel White; 75th Ohio, Colonel Andrew L. Harris (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel Ben Morgan (wounded), Major Charles W. Friend; 107th Ohio, Captain John M. Lntz.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. VON STEINWEHR COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel CHARLES R. COSTER Commanding. 27th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Lorenz Cantador; 73d Pennsylvania, Captain Daniel F. Kelly; 134th New York, Colonel Charles R. Coster, Lieut.-Colonel Allan H. Jackson; 154th New York, Colonel Patrick H. Jones.

Second Brigade.—Colonel ORLANDO SMITH Commanding. 33d Massachnsetts, Lieut.-Colonel Adin B. Underwood; 136th New York, Colonel James Wood, Jr.; 55th Ohio, Colonel Charles B. Gambee; 73d Ohio, Colonel Orlando Smith, Lieut.-Colonel Richard Long.

THIRD DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ, PERMANENT COMMANDER.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALEXANDER SCHIMMELPFENNIG COMMANDING on July 1st.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General A. VON SCHIMMELPFENNIG Commanding (captnred); Colonel GEORGE VON AMNSBURG. 45th New York, Colonel G. Von Arnsburg, Lieut.-Colonel Adolphus Dobke; 157th New York, Colonel Philip P. Brown, Jr.; 74th Pennsylvania, Colonel Adolph Von Hartnng (wounded), Lient.-Colonel Von Mitzel (captured), Major Gnstav Schleiter; 61st Ohio, Colonel S. J. McGroarty; 82d Illinois, Colonel J. Hecker.

Second Brigade.—Colonel WALDIMIR KRYZANOWSKI Commanding. 58th New York, Colonel W. Kryzanowski, Lient.-Colonel Angust Otto, Captain Emil Koenig, Lieut.-Colonel Frederick Gellman; 119th New York, Colonel John S. Lockman, Lieut.-Colonel James C. Rogers; 75th Pennsylvania, Colonel Francis Mahler (wounded), Major Angust Ledig; 82d Ohio, Colonel James J. Robinson (wonnded), Lieut.-Colonel D. Thomson; 26th Wisconsin, Colonel Wm. H. Jacobs.

Artillery Brigade.—Major THOMAS W. OSBORN Commanding. Battery I, 1st New York, Captain Michael Wiedrick; Battery I, 1st Ohio, Captain Hnbert Dilger; Battery K, 1st Ohio, Captain Lewis Heckman; Battery G, 4th United States, Lieutenant Bayard Wilkeson (killed), Lieutenant E. A. Bancroft; 13th New York, Lieutenant William Wheeler.

TWELFTH CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALPHEUS S. WILLIAMS COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS H. RUGER COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel ARCHIBALD L. MCDOUGALL Commanding. 5th Connecticnt, Colonel Warren W. Packer; 20th Connecticnt, Lient.-Colonel William B. Wooster; 123d New York, Colonel A. L. McDongall, Lient.-Colonel James C. Rogers; 145th New York, Colonel E. L. Price; 46th Pennsylvania, Colonel James E. Selfridge; 3d Maryland, Colonel J. M. Sudsburg.

Second Brigade.[1]—Brigadier-General HENRY H. LOCKWOOD Commanding. 150th New York, Colonel John H. Ketcham; 1st Maryland (P. H. B.), Colonel William P. Maulsby; 1st Maryland (E. S.), Colonel James Wallace.

Third Brigade.—Colonel SILAS COLGROVE Commanding. 2d Massachnsetts, Colonel Charles R. Mndge (killed), Lient.-Colonel Charles F. Morse; 107th New York, Colonel Miron M. Crane; 13th New Jersey, Colonel Ezra A. Carman (wonnded), Lieut.-Colonel John R. Fesler; 27th Indiana, Colonel Silas Colgrove, Lieut.-Colonel John R. Fesler; 3d Wisconsin, Lieut.-Colonel Martin Flood.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel CHARLES CANDY Commanding. 28th Pennsylvania, Captain John Flynn; 147th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Ario Pardee, Jr.; 5th Ohio, Colonel John H. Patrick; 7th Ohio, Colonel William R. Creighton; 29th Ohio, Captain W. F. Stevens (wounded), Captain Ed. Hays; 66th Ohio, Colonel C. Candy, Lient.-Colonel Eugene Powell.

[1] Unassigned during progress of battle; afterward attached to First Division as Second Brigade.

Second Brigade.—(1) Colonel GEORGE A. COBHAM, JR.; (2) Brigadier-General THOMAS L. KANE. 29th Pennsylvania, Colonel William Rickards; 109th Pennsylvania, Captain Fred L. Gimber; 111th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas M. Walker, Lieut.-Colonel Frank J. Osgood.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General GEORGE S. GREENE Commanding. 60th New York, Colonel Abel Godard; 78th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Von Hammerstein; 102d New York, Lieut.-Colonel James C. Lane (wounded); 137th New York, Colonel David Ireland; 149th New York, Colonel Henry A. Barnum, Lieut.-Colonel Charles B. Randall.

Artillery Brigade.—Lieutenant EDWARD D. MUHLENBERG Commanding. Battery F, 4th United States, Lieutenant E. D. Muhlenberg, Lieutenant S. T. Rugg; Battery K, 5th United States, Lieutenant D. H. Kinsie; Battery M, 1st New York, Lieutenant Charles E. Winegar; Knapp's Pennsylvania Battery, Lieutenant Charles Atwell.

Headquarter Guard.—Battalion 10th Maine.

CAVALRY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED PLEASONTON COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN BUFORD COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel WILLIAM GAMBLE Commanding. 8th New York, Colonel Benjamin F. Davis; 8th Illinois, Colonel William Gamble, Lieut.-Colonel D. R. Clendenin; two squadrons 12th Illinois, Colonel Amos Voss; three squadrons 3d Indiana, Colonel George H. Chapman.

Second Brigade.—Colonel THOMAS C. DEVIN Commanding. 6th New York, Colonel Thomas C. Devin, Lieut.-Colonel William H. Crocker; 9th New York, Colonel William Sackett; 17th Pennsylvania, Colonel J. H. Kellogg; 3d Virginia (detachment).

Reserve Brigade.—Brigadier-General WESLEY MERRITT Commanding. 1st United States, Captain R. S. C. Lord; 2d United States, Captain T. F. Rodenbough; 5th United States, Captain J. W. Mason; 6th United States, Major S. H. Starr (wounded), Captain G. C. Cram; 6th Pennsylvania, Major James H. Hazeltine.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL D. MCM. GREGG COMMANDING.

(HEADQUARTER GUARD — Company A, 1st Ohio.)

First Brigade.—Colonel J. B. MCINTOSH Commanding. 1st New Jersey, Major M. H. Beanmont; 1st Pennsylvania, Colonel John P. Taylor; 3d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Edward S. Jones; 1st Maryland, Lieut.-Colonel James M. Deems; 1st Massachusetts at Headquarters, Sixth Corps.

Second Brigade.[1]—Colonel PENNOCK HUEY Commanding. 2d New York, 4th New York, 8th Pennsylvania, 6th Ohio.

Third Brigade.—Colonel J. I. GREGG Commanding. 1st Maine, Colonel Charles H. Smith; 10th New York, Major W. A. Avery; 4th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Doster; 16th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John K. Robison.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK COMMANDING.

(HEADQUARTER GUARD — Company C, 1st Ohio.)

First Brigade.—(1) Brigadier-General E. J. FARNSWORTH; (2) Colonel N. P. RICHMOND. 5th New York, Major John Hammond; 18th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel William P. Brinton; 1st Vermont, Colonel Edward D. Sawyer; 1st West Virginia, Colonel H. P. Richmond.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General GEORGE A. CUSTER Commanding. 1st Michigan, Colonel Charles H. Town; 5th Michigan, Colonel Russell A. Alger; 6th Michigan, Colonel George Gray; 7th Michigan, Colonel William D. Mann.

HORSE ARTILLERY.

First Brigade.—Captain JOHN M. ROBERTSON Commanding. Batteries B and L, 2d United States, Lieutenant Edw. Heaton; Battery M, 2d United States, Lieutenant A. C. M. Pennington; Battery E, 4th United States, Lieutenant S. S. Elder; 6th New York, Lieutenant Jos. W. Martin; 9th Michigan, Captain J. J. Daniels; Battery C, 3d United States, Lieutenant William D. Fuller.

Second Brigade.—Captain JOHN C. TIDBALL Commanding. Batteries G and E, 1st United States, Captain A. M. Randol; Battery K, 1st United States, Captain William M. Graham; Battery A, 2d United States, Lieutenant John H. Calef; Battery C, 3d United States.

ARTILLERY RESERVE.

(1) BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. O. TYLER (disabled).
(2) CAPTAIN JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

First Regular Brigade.—Captain D. R. RANSOM Commanding (wounded). Battery H, 1st United States, Lieutenant C. P. Eakin (wounded); Batteries F and K, 3d United States, Lieutenant J. C. Turnbull; Battery C, 4th United States, Lieutenant Evan Thomas; Battery C, 5th United States, Lieutenant G. V. Weir.

First Volunteer Brigade.—Lieut.-Colonel F. MCGILVERY Commanding. 15th New York, Captain Patrick Hart; Independent Battery Pennsylvania, Captain R. B. Ricketts; 5th Massachusetts, Captain C. A. Phillips; 9th Massachusetts, Captain John Bigelow.

Second Volunteer Brigade.—Captain E. D. TAFT Commanding. Battery B, 1st Connecticut;[1] Battery M, 1st Connecticut;[1] 5th New York, Captain Elijah D. Taft; 2d Connecticut, Lieutenant John W. Sterling.

Third Volunteer Brigade.—Captain JAMES F. HUNTINGTON Commanding. Batteries F and G, 1st Pennsylvania, Captain R. B. Ricketts; Battery H, 1st Ohio, Captain Jas. F. Huntington; Battery A, 1st New Hampshire, Captain F. M. Edgell; Battery C, 1st West Virginia, Captain Wallace Hill.

[1] Not engaged. [2] A section of a battery attached to the Purnell Legion was with Gregg on the 3d.

NEW YORK REGIMENTS AT GETTYSBURG.

CAVALRY.

2d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th Regiments.

ARTILLERY.

Battery B, C, D, E, G, I, K, L, M, 1st Regiment.
1st, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 15th of Independent Battery.

ENGINEERS.

15th, 50th.

INFANTRY.

8th, 10th, 12th, 33d Batteries.
10th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, 43d, 44th, 45th, 49th, 50th, 52d, 54th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62d, 63d, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72d, 73d 74th, 76th, 77th 78th, 80th, 82d, 83d, 84th, 86th, 88th, 93d, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 102d, 103d, 104th, 107th, 108th, 111th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122d, 123d, 124th, 125th, 126th, 134th, 136th, 137th, 140th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 149th, 150th, 154th, 157th Regiments.

LIGHT BATTERY.

3d, 13th, 15th Batteries; SERRELL'S ENGINEERS; 1st Lincoln Cavalry, 2d, 6th Cavalry; 1st Mounted Rifles.

NEW JERSEY REGIMENTS AT GETTYSBURG.

INFANTRY.

1st Regiment,	TORBERT'S BRIGADE,		6th Corps.
2d "	" "		6th "
3d "	" "		6th "
4th "	* " "		6th "
5th "	BURLING'S "		3d "
6th "	" "		3d "
7th "	" "		3d "
8th "	" "		3d "
11th "	CARR'S "		3d "
12th "	SMYTH'S "		2d "
13th "	COLGROVE'S "		12th "
15th "	TORBERT'S "		6th "

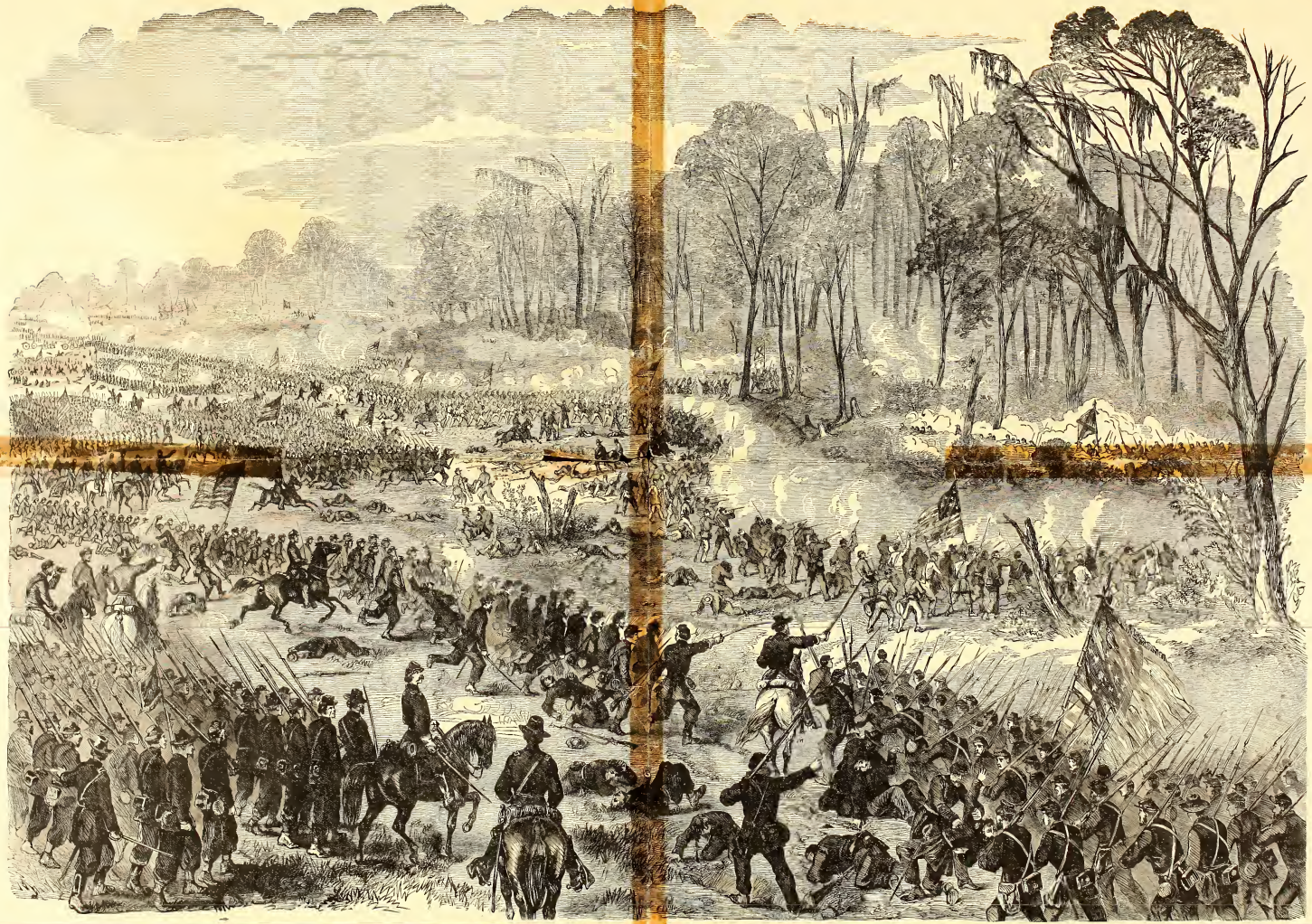
CAVALRY.

1st Regiment,	McINTOSH'S BRIGADE,	Gregg's Division.

ARTILLERY.

Battery "A,"	FITZHUGH'S BRIGADE,	Reserve Artillery.
Battery "B,"	ARTILLERY "	3d Corps.
Battery "D,"	" "	3d "

* The 4th Regiment was detached from their brigade, guarding the ammunition train of the RESERVE ARTILLERY.



BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILLS, MAY 16TH, 1863—THE FORMIDABLE POSITION OF GENERAL PEMBERTON CARRIED BY GENERALS HOVEY, LOGAN AND CROCKER, OF GENERAL GRANT'S ARMY.
(From Frank Leslie's Scenes and Portraits of the Civil War.)

JOHN BURNS, THE HERO OF GETTYSBURG. — The following thrilling narrative was related by B. D. Beyea, who spent several days on the battle-field in search of the body of Captain C. H. Flagg, who fell in that terrible fight:

"In the town of Gettysburg live an old couple by the name of Burns. The old man was in the war of 1812, and is now nearly seventy years of age; yet the frosts of many winters have not chilled his patriotism, nor diminished his love for the old flag under which he fought in his early days. When the rebels invaded the beautiful Cumberland Valley, and were marching on Gettysburg, old Burns concluded that it was time for every loyal man, young or old, to be up and doing all in his power to beat back the rebel foe, and, if possible, give them a quiet resting-place beneath the sod they were polluting with their unhallowed feet. The old hero took down an old State musket he had in his house, and commenced running bullets. The old lady saw what he was about, and wanted to know what in the world he was going to do. 'Ah,' said Burns, 'I thought some of the boys might want the old gun, and I am getting it ready for them.' The rebels came on. Old Burns kept his eye on the lookout until he saw the Stars and Stripes coming in, carried by our brave boys. This was more than the old fellow could stand. His patriotism got the better of his age and infirmity. Grabbing his musket, he started out. The old lady hallooed to him: 'Burns, where are you going?' 'O,' says Burns, 'I am going out to see what is going on.' He immediately went to a Wisconsin regiment, and asked them if they would take him in. They told him they would, and gave him three rousing cheers.

"The old musket was soon thrown aside, and a first-rate rifle given him, and twenty-five rounds of cartridges.

"The engagement between the two armies soon came on, and the old man fired eighteen of his twenty-five rounds, and says he killed three rebels to his certain knowledge. Our forces were compelled to fall back and leave our dead and wounded on the field; and Burns, having received three wounds, was left also, not being able to get away. There he lay in citizen's dress and if the rebs found him in that condition, he knew death was his portion; so he concluded to try strategy as his only hope. Soon the rebs came up, and approached him, saying: 'Old man, what are you doing here?' 'I am lying here wounded, as you see,' he replied. 'Well, but what business have you to be here? and who wounded you? our troops, or yours?' 'I don't know who wounded me; but I only know that I am wounded, and in a bad fix.' 'Well, what were you doing here? — what was your business?' 'If you will hear my story, I will tell you. My old woman's health is very poor, and I was over across the country to get a girl to help her; and, coming back, before I knew where I was, I had got right into this fix, and here I am.' 'Where do you live?' inquired the rebels. 'Over in town, in such a small house.' They then picked him up, and carried him home, and left him. But they soon returned, as if suspecting he had been lying to them, and made him answer a great many questions; but he stuck to his old story, and they failed to make anything out of old Burns, and then left him for good.

"He says he shall always feel indebted to some of his neighbors for the last call; for he believes some one had informed them of him. Soon after they left, a bullet came into his room, and struck in the wall about six inches above where he lay on his sofa; but he don't know who fired it. His wounds proved to be only flesh wounds, and he is getting well, feels first-rate, and says he would like one more good chance to give them a rip."

MIMIC PICKETT'S CHARGE ON FIELD OF GETTYSBURG

Chicago Tribune
July 4. 1922.

Described by Widow of Gen. Longstreet.

Fifty-nine years ago yesterday the confederate army of northern Virginia attempted to strike a death blow to the Union army. It was the third day of Gettysburg. The 15,000 men under Pickett attempted to break the federal lines in the last charge. Their failure was the turning point in the civil war. The Union army of the Potomac was saved, the menace to the capital was removed, and the blackest hour of the nation passed.

Yesterday 5,000 marines reënacted the famous charge. Promptly at 2 o'clock the marines left the position from which Pickett and his men started on July 3, 1863. The lines moved off in the same formation as those used by the southern brigades, with officers riding in the positions held by the confederate officers. After marine after marine had "fallen" the few remaining did as the few of Pickett's men still standing did—they crossed the stone wall only to become prisoners.

Watching the maneuvers yesterday was Mrs. Helen D. Longstreet, widow of the Confederate General James Longstreet, whose nod sent Pickett and his men into the inferno in the last desperate effort to win for the south. Mrs. Longstreet this morning tells of her thoughts as she saw the mimic revival of the struggle.

BY HELEN LONGSTREET.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 3.—[Special.]—I stood today in Observation tower on Gettysburg field and saw Longstreet's thin, gray lines, stretched a mile long across summer wheat fields for the attack on Cemetery hill.

MRS. HELEN D. LONGSTREET.

The Confederates moved across a level field as, on that other great day when 15,000 boys in gray marched against heights where was massed the Army of the Potomac.

The battle was staged today with marvelous accuracy in every detail, exactly as I have heard Gen. Longstreet describe it hundreds of times. As the Confederates moved to the thunder of artillery, so realistic was it, the tides of time rolled backward and I stood in the living presence of the south's audacious hope.

Feels the Thrill of Battle.

The hosts of the north and south were struggling again in mortal combat. Longstreet, Lee's old war horse, was in the saddle. I felt the thrill of battle and heard the clash of steel.

I saw a dusty, footsore courier approach Gen. Longstreet's headquarters with a message from Gen. Alexander, in charge of the artillery that was to support Pickett's charge. "If you are coming at all, you must come at once," the message reads; "or I can not give you proper support. The enemy's fire has not slackened at all."

Too overcome for speech at prospect of the useless slaughter of his men, Longstreet nods his head to Pickett, who is waiting for orders.

"I shall move my men forward, sir," said Pickett, and, drawing a letter from his breast pocket addressed to a young girl who was waiting for him in the distant Virginia valleys, he wrote across the envelope, "If Longstreet's nod means death, sweetheart, good-by, and God bless you."

Longstreet's Hopeless Protest.

Thirty minutes later two-thirds of Pickett's men lay dead in front of Cemetery hill. The battle of Gettysburg was lost and with it the southern cause.

But today Longstreet's phantom hosts again face the army of the Potomac on the heights beyond the peach orchard field. Acorrs the turbulent years again is heard Longstreet's passionate protest against the hopeless charge: "Gen. Lee, I have been a soldier all my life. I have been with soldiers engaged in fights by couple, by squads, companies, regiments, divisions, and armies, and should know as well as any one what soldiers can do. It is my opinion that no 15,000 men ever arrayed for battle can take Cemetery hill."

In reply Gen. Lee orders Pickett's charge, saying, as he points to Cemetery hill. "The enemy is there and I am going to strike him."

Pickett's glorious command marched again today jauntily over the summer fields of Pennsylvania, towards heights where waited the army of the Potomac and behind it the moral force of the civilized world. They marched in soft rain, as on that other July day when the fate of the southern republic hung in the balance. The very heavens wept for heroes who must die for a cause that had to be lost. Pickett's boys moved joyously, as if on festal parade, their immortal leader riding at their head in gallant style.

Past Longstreet's headquarters they marched with lifted heads and shining eyes. Many of them had served with him in Mexico and on the western plains. Through tear-blurred eyes he looked upon them for the last time in life.

Canister, Grape, and Shell.

They marched steadily and compactly down the slope. As they stubbornly climbed the ridge 100 cannon from the federal breastworks on the crest of the hill hurled down upon the advancing gray columns a rain of canister, grape, and shell, leaving a summer land drenched with the blood of the nation's strong men who travailed that freedom might live.

Pickett's men, mowed down like grass, smilingly closed the columns to show the world how southern men could fight and die for principles for which they were willing to pay the supreme price.

Falling like leaves under the thunder of federal cannon that swept Pennsylvania's wheat fields, again and again the ranks of Pickett's division were closed by men determined to bear Dixie's battle flags to victory or die under their sacred folds.

When the Smoke Cleared Away!

Pickett's men swept on as if the fires of hell could not stop them until half way up the slope, when the crest of Cemetery hill was lit by a solid sheet of flame, as if all the infantry fire of the world blazed forth: "You shall not pass!"

When the smoke cleared away Pickett's division was gone and the confederate flag drooped towards its furling on the Virginia fields.

Within the smoke of belching cannon my pulses thrilled to the huzzas of the victor and my heart wrestled with the anguish of the vanquished as I saw Dixie's colors go down at confederate high water mark.

While men read history the tactics of the Gettysburg campaign will be discussed. Impartial critics have already vindicated Gen. Longstreet's clearer vision in opposing the wrecking of the confederate cause on the rocks of Cemetery hill.

Valor a Common Heritage.

With the vision that delighted the soul of the sweet singer of Israel resting like a benediction over all our country's fighting grounds, the decisive battle of America's civil war today was staged by the sons and grandsons of the men who fought and won and those who fought and lost on this field. Their sacrifice and valor is the common heritage of the new and stronger America that remembers not whether they wore the blue or the gray, but only that they fought with American skill and courage for principles for which they were willing to die.

As the twilight of this calm July day deepened into dusk I overtook one of "Longstreet's boys," a one armed veteran, trudging wearily "Up Emmittsburg's road."

"Where did you lose your arm?" I inquired. He answered: "In Pickett's charge; and it was powerful hard to lose my arm and be whipped too, and what was the use of it?"

Some one standing near pointed to Observation tower and said:

"Do you see the flag that floats up there? The stars on its blue field are all the brighter; its red stripe all the deeper; its white stripe all the purer, because you left an arm in front of Cemetery hill in Pickett's charge. That was the use of it. That was the good of it."

And so the tread of marching armies and the roar of cannon over the summer lands of Pennsylvania call the American people to express the value of the titanic struggle of the sixties in deeper love and pride of country.

WHEN LINCOLN WEPT

An Anecdote of the Civil War

A short but poignant verse in the Bible: "Jesus wept." It seems to show that weeping may be a relief to the bravest of souls. An instance when Abraham Lincoln found this relief, at the most tragic moment of the Civil war, has just been brought to light.

The story comes to us directly from the great president's eldest son, the late Robert T. Lincoln, whose recent death has made it seem proper now at last to make public this intimate and revealing illustration of Abraham Lincoln's unlimited capacity to suffer and be silent.

He was suffering because he had just seen neglected and lost a priceless opportunity to end the war in 1863, and to save 3,000,000 soldiers from more years of needless slaughter and torment. He was silent because he was too selfless, too bighearted, to publish the truth about the responsibility of Gen. Meade, who had squarely disobeyed the president's command and thereby lost the chance to end the war with the battle of Gettysburg.

Gen. Lee's situation after that battle was desperate. To save his army, the confederacy's last hope, he had to get it across the Potomac river at once, but the heavy rains had washed away the bridge he expected to use. Lincoln saw and tried to seize this matchless chance to crush or capture Lee's force. Why he failed is thus explained by his son, Robert, in a communication made to an intimate friend and published last month for the first time in the American Historical Review:

"Entering my father's room right after the battle of Gettysburg," said Robert Lincoln, "I found him in tears, with head bowed upon his arms resting on the table at which he sat.

"'Why, what is the matter, father?' I asked.

"For a brief interval he remained silent, then raised his head, and the explanation of his grief was forthcoming.

"'My boy,' said he, 'when I heard that the bridge at Williamsport (over which Lee must cross to escape) had been swept away, I sent for Gen. Haupt and asked him how soon he could replace the same. He replied, "If I were uninterrupted I could build a bridge with the material there within twenty-four hours and, Mr. President, Gen. Lee has engineers as skilful as I am."

"'Upon hearing this,' continued President Lincoln, 'I at once wrote Meade (the union general in command) to attack without delay and, if successful, to destroy my letter, but in case of failure to preserve it for his vindication. I have just learned that at a council of war of Meade and his generals it had been determined not to pursue Lee and now the opportune chance of ending this bitter struggle is lost.'"

Robert Lincoln, in giving this account some time before his recent death, re-enforced it by remarking, "What I tell you are the facts in the case, all other authorities to the contrary notwithstanding."

After this heart-breaking disappointment, what did President Lincoln do to his disobedient general? Did he sit down and write a "scorching" letter of censure? Yes, he did. Read it and see if it wouldn't "scorch" anybody:

"My Dear General," it said, "I do not believe you appreciate the magnitude of the misfortune involved in Lee's escape. He was within your easy grasp and to have closed upon him would, in connection with our other late success, have ended the war. As it is, the war will be prolonged indefinitely. If you could not safely attack Lee last Monday, how can you possibly do so south of the river, when you can take with you very few more than two-thirds of the force you then had in hand? It would be unreasonable to expect, and I do not expect, that you can now effect much. Your golden opportunity is gone and I am distressed immeasurably because of it.

"I beg you will not consider this a prosecution or persecution of yourself. As you had learned that I was dissatisfied, I have thought it best to kindly tell you why."

But this "scorching" letter seemed to Lincoln too wounding to send, so he didn't send it. He suppressed it instead and it was not made public till years later. By writing it he got his bitterness of regret out of his system. How could it help the cause of the union, he characteristically figured, to put that bitterness into the system of Gen. Meade by sending him the letter?

"I sometimes write a letter like that," he said on another occasion, "and it does me good, but I never send it." He seems to have cared less than any other living man about who got the glory for winning the war or the blame for losing it.

By HENRY W. LAWRENCE

(In the Chicago Daily News.)

NEW YORK
Herald Tribune
BOOKS

SECTION VII ☆ SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1934 36 PAGES

Where Surging Lines of Blue and Gray Met

History and Romance in This Fine Novel of Gettysburg

NEW YORK
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Where Surging Lines of Blue and Gray Met

History and Romance in This Fine Novel of Gettysburg

Battle of Gettysburg: The Repulse of Pickett's Charge

From a painting by Thure de Thulstrup
(Courtesy of Kennedy and Company

LONG REMEMBER.
By MacKinlay Kantor. Decorations by Will Crawford . . . 411 pp. . . . New York: Coward-McCann . . . $2.50. May choice of the Literary Guild.

Reviewed by
ALLEN TATE
Author of "Stonewall Jackson," "Jefferson Davis" and "Robert E. Lee"

IT IS nearly seventy-one years since the battle was fought; two generations have passed; and the field of Gettysburg is twice dead. It is dead in the memory of the people, North and South, a little less dead perhaps to the descendants of the men who lost; it is dead with the utter death of markers and hideous monuments that embalm the struggle of a hundred and seventy thousand men who were there for no reason that their posterity can understand. It may be that Mr. Lincoln's speech, which told the next generation and the next, that the battle had been fought for government by the people, is to blame: there has been no government by the people and the people have not considered it necessary to find out the real reason for the battle. It is the way of people. Mr. MacKinlay Kantor, moved perhaps by thoughts like these, has gone back of a few memorable words spoken after the battle, and has given us the battle itself. I see no exaggeration in saying that it is the battle itself that Mr. Kantor has created. The general reader, coming away from the book, will decide that great battles in the War between the States must have been like this. And students of the Battle of Gettysburg will be overwhelmingly convinced that this particular struggle would have appeared to an observer on the field precisely as Mr. Kantor represents it.

Mr. Kantor is the first writer I know anything about who has applied to the historical novel the realistic method: I should say the first American writer.

The problem before Mr. Kantor was this: given the object, which was to present a great battle as a spectacle, how was he to make it both credible as an impersonal event and dramatic? To be dramatic a story must center on the fortunes of a single person. The battle must be seen by one man, otherwise the vast accumulation of historical detail that the author had at hand would be lifeless. The illusion of actual observation must make it credible. But even this was not enough: the personal drama of the hero must be cunningly contrived to heighten the dramatic effect of the battle. But how could any one man on either side see all the battle? Even if he could, could he, in his own observation, prepare us for the scene by knowing all the topography?

These difficulties Mr. Kantor solves with great ingenuity. The hero, Dan Bale, has been in the Northwest for eight years; he returns to his home-town, Gettysburg, in June, 1863, to see his grandfather, but he arrives just in time to attend the old man's funeral. He is without near kin; he is at loose ends; and he falls in love with the wife of a boyhood friend, a Union officer who is away with the Army of the Potomac. (Captain Fanning, besides being impotent, is a disagreeable man whose character is not drawn to win the reader's sympathy for his cuckoldry.) This love affair is necessary to involve Bale's fortunes with the progress of the coming battle. His house is a little west of Gettysburg, at the foot of Oak Ridge, between the Fairfield and Chambersburg pikes—where the fighting on the first day began. He is placed so that he can see the marching, the first onslaught, the mounting fury of the struggle as the two great armies concentrate. Before the battle begins he has wandered over the field (he meets Mrs. Fanning on Cemetery Ridge, the final Union

Continued on page two

Spring Announcement Number

Hippos, Lions, Fever, Babies

How an American Girl and Her Baby Fared in Three Years of African Tragedy.

NO ONE TO BLAME.
An African Adventure.
By Margaret Carson Hubbard.
. . . *New York: Minton, Balch and Company . . . $3.*

Reviewed by
KATIE SEABROOK

LIFE in the interior of Africa with the best equipment and plenty of supplies is not easy even for those endowed with health and endurance. When one who has experienced its difficulties reads the opening chapters of Margaret Hubbard's book and discovers that she and her husband started for the Congo with a frail twelve-months-old baby and "another on the way," without sufficient money to take care of emergencies, one shudders for what lies ahead of them.

"No One to Blame" recounts three tragic years of hardship, disappointment, starvation. But there is never a hint of disillusionment. Through it all Margaret Hubbard's optimism survives as does her love for the very essence of adventure.

Before this expedition began, the Hubbards had already served an apprenticeship in privation at an asbestos mine in Quebec. The mine closed; they had nothing to eat but potatoes; their first baby was born. When Wynant received an offer to join a mining company in Rhodesia, they were lured by the prospect. Hot Africa loomed as Utopia with the thermometer in Quebec registering thirty-two degrees below zero.

But when they arrived in Johannesburg the mines had closed; there was no work for Wynant. Eventually they landed at Tara in Northern Rhodesia, on Maj. Farm, where they went into partnership with a man who collected wild animals for sale. To study animal psychology and own a zoo had been Wynant's dream. He was jubilant over the prospect.

Three days after they were installed in their mud huts, Margaret's second baby was born. Dr. Holt's book on the care of babies was her Bible. But nursing her own infants was only a part of her responsibilities. While Wynant was away collecting specimens for the zoo, her job was to feed and coddle the young leopards, simba cats, cheetahs and birds. She writes delightfully of the simba cats and the baby leopards who played like puppies and followed at her heels, avid for attention and affection.

When they have spent nearly a year on the farm, Wynant has not yet made an important catch—no huge beast that will sell for big money. Their funds are exhausted and they learn that no more permits will be granted in Northern Rhodesia for hunting big game. They are at the end of their rope when a friend in America agrees to stake them.

They wait six months for the rainy season to end, then start on a thousand mile trek to Portuguese East Africa where big game is abundant and no shooting licenses required. The last four hundred miles of this trip are to be made in wagons and on foot.

That they and the two children got through alive was a miracle. Their supplies were pitifully inadequate; they were short of water; there was a mutiny among the carriers. The horses were so undernourished that they were unable to carry their loads.

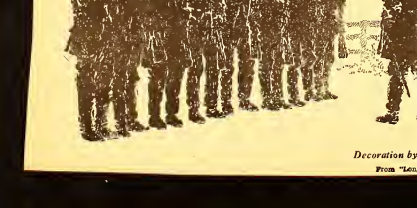
Margaret Hubbard makes no complaint about this journey, but rejoices that she is seeing the real Africa at last. She revels in watching hippos wallow in the Manze River and has a great lark catching fish by throwing candelabra cactus in the water. The cactus sap stuns the fish and she and the black boys scooped them up with mosquito wire.

Ultimately they reached the Portuguese territory, built their huts and settled on a barren hill between the Ruio and the Chapoche Rivers. It is here that they have their final heart-breaking disappointment.

The first installment of their money is gone. The camera man they hired is a complete failure. They hear that no more money is forthcoming. They are in the most desperate straits. Two months go by with no bread for the babies who live on meal porridge without either salt or sugar to make it palatable. Margaret is miserably ill with malaria, then her husband succumbs to it violently and later develops black water fever. One of the servants goes mad; another dies.

Margaret sells their sheets and clothing for food. Unable to feed their servants, they let them go with a promise to pay them when it is possible. The rainy season has come again and one night the river rises forty feet. They wake to find their huts bobbing about in the flood. They sell their last horse, hire carriers and set them to making dugouts. When these are ready the Hubbards stagger down with their few possessions, load them into the boats and float down toward civilization. A relative sends them their fare home. They embark with one shilling sixpence.

Margaret Hubbard tells her story simply and sincerely. You know that every detail is true. She does not exaggerate to attain dramatic effect; the events themselves are dramatic enough. Having shared their experiences so intimately, you close the book and wonder if you and they have really escaped fever, starvation and death. Then you remember that Mrs. Hubbard has told you in a foreword that they went again to Africa and succeeded in making a moving picture of their adventures in Africa. Incredible woman!



Decoration by Will Crawford
From "Long Remember"

BOOKS

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The Lines of Blue and Gray

Continued from page one

position), and imperceptibly the lie of the land forms in the reader's mind.

But how is he to see what happens on the Union side after the first day, when the Confederates have pushed nearly a mile beyond his house and the Federal army is two miles away? An enemy of Bale's has written to Captain Fanning and the captain has written to his wife that he knows what is going on. She is in love with Bale, but fearing her husband will be killed, she cannot let him die without knowing the truth. She persuades Bale to work around to the Union position, through the Confederate lines, and to find her husband. He finds him and tells the white lie of Mrs. Fanning's innocence. Meanwhile, of course, he witnessed the famous charge of Pickett and Pettigrew, at once the climax—as it should be—of the battle and of the personal fortunes of the hero. The suspense of the one is shrewdly fused with the suspense of the other.

That is the bare story. The minor characters, the "atmosphere," are perfect in their way, and they are never lay figures; they contribute solidly to the ultimate effect. There is no book ever written which creates, so well as this, the look and smell of battle, the gathering of two armies, the build, and the sullen separation. "The Red Badge of Courage" as a work of art is superior to "Long Remember," but it is a study in the psychology of courage, not a spectacle. Mr. Kantor contrives to give us the movement of the whole spectacle in a series of sharply drawn scenes. We get glimpses of the great leaders done so naturally and unobtrusively that they are wholly credible. The appearance of Lee riding along his lines on Seminary Ridge is perfect.

It will not do, I believe, to examine Mr. Kantor's plot too closely; it is only necessary that it should be plausible. It is good enough to make us believe that a person is seeing the battle—which makes us see it too. But there are difficulties

Why was the hero not a soldier? It was, as we have seen, necessary to the plot that he should not be. But that does not excuse him. He has been in the West far from the issues of the war; he is a student of German philosophy; and he is a pacifist. It is upon this point, and not upon the documentation of the book, which is flawless to the last detail, that one raises the question of the final accuracy of the story. There were students of philosophy, and perhaps a few pacifists in the East, in 1863. But in a story of war, in which the military type is self-evident, other types require close analysis and definition. Bale's hatred of war is not quite motivated.

It is the one point in the book really to quarrel with. It has further implications. The hero's point of view almost convinces us that war is meaningless. Grant that it is true. The question remains, however, how this meaningless character of war shall be set forth in a work of art. And this brings up a question about the value of pure realism, which can give us the sordid, the horrible and the pathetic; but never the tragic quality of experience. To present a spectacle of aimless grandeur and terror is realism; to contrast what the participants thought they were fighting for with this grandeur and terror is tragedy, and the method of presenting a story or a spectacle as tragedy is the ironic method. Perhaps Mr. Kantor's choice of a civilian for hero was dictated by the technical considerations that I have described; it is likely that it was a moral choice as well. The book is a tract against war, and its effect, powerful as it is, is the effect of pathos and bewilderment.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Kantor will write more historical works. It is certain that "Long Remember" ought to be widely read. It would be a distinct addition to American fiction if a school of historical novelists should pattern themselves upon this model.

The New York Times Magazine

JULY 3
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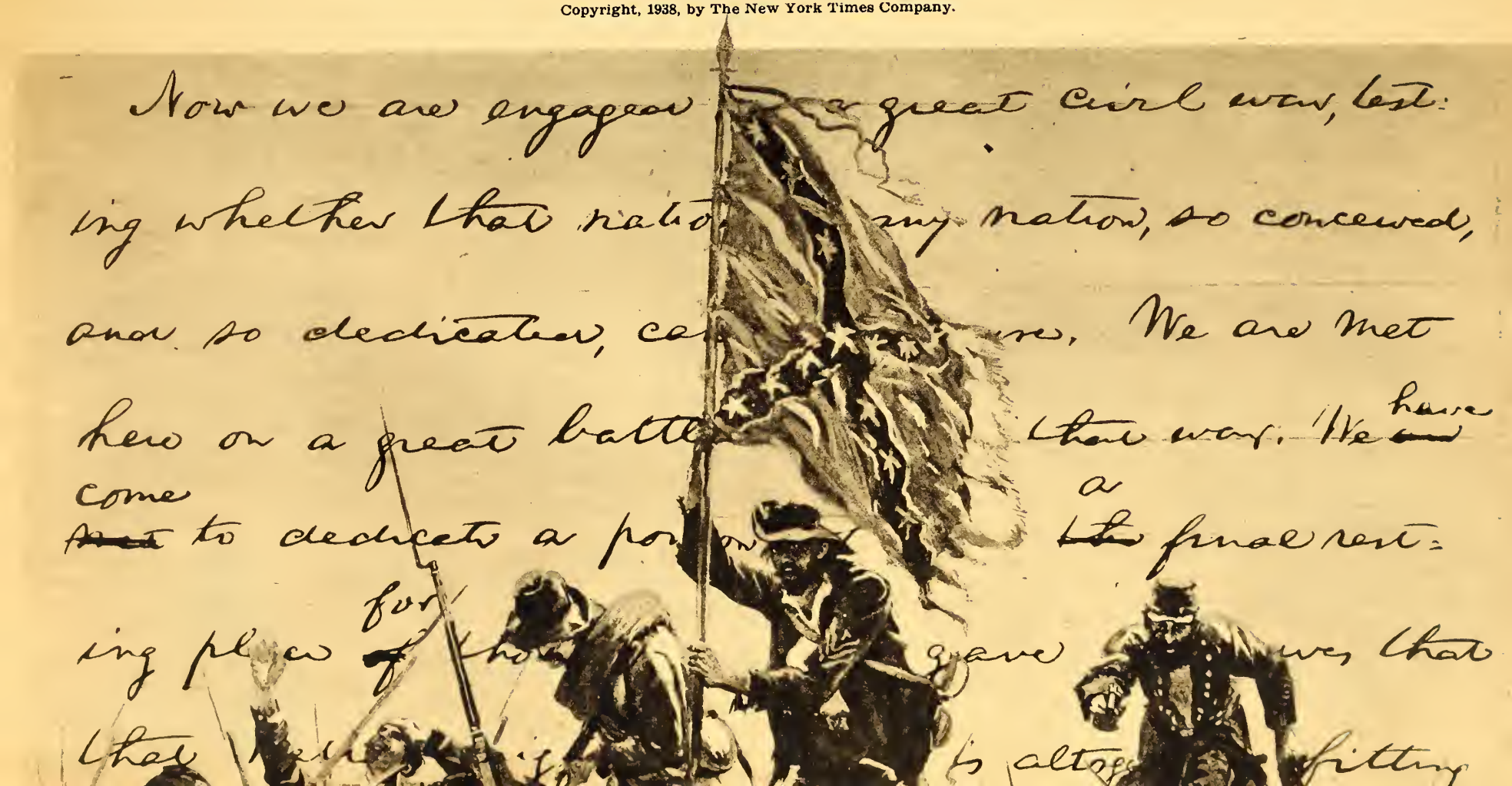

The New York Times Magazine

JULY 3
1938

Section 7

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The "high tide" of the Confederacy—and the beginning of an ebb which washed down to Appomattox: Pickett's charge and, in the background, a section of the Gettysburg address written in Lincoln's own hand.

THE DRAMA BEHIND THE GETTYSBURG EPIC

By SAMUEL T. WILLIAMSON

* * *

Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

* * *

A 17-YEAR-OLD BOY leaned moping over a gate in Quincy, Ill., nearly one hundred years ago. He wished he were home in Virginia, away from these God-forsaken prairies and, above all, away from Uncle Andrew's dreary law books. He didn't want to be a lawyer. He wanted to be like his four cousins, but his peppery uncle had said "no" in more different ways than one would have thought possible.

This is the story of the Battle of Gettysburg, the crucial battle of the Civil War, fought seventy-five years ago, on July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, and commemorated today by President Roosevelt, who will dedicate on "eternal flame," symbolizing eternal peace among the States. At Gettysburg, on the third day, the cause of the Confederacy was lost when Pickett led his gallant but futile charge. At Gettysburg, four months later, Abraham Lincoln delivered his immortal Address. This is the story of the battle, but it is also the story of the intense personal drama played against the background of that battle —the story of the fateful crossings of the paths of Lincoln and Pickett.

"What's the matter, my boy?"

He looked up at a tall, gaunt stranger with a big nose and a mole on his right cheek. No young man going on 18 likes to be addressed as "my boy," but the stranger had such a homely, kindly face that before he knew it the youngster was unburdening himself. Perhaps the Recording Angel took down that conversation, which must have gone something like this:

"So you don't wish to be a lawyer!" said the man sadly. "Where would this country be without law—and justice?"

"Where would this country be without our soldiers, who won and preserved our independence?" countered the boy.

The man laughed: "You argue like a lawyer. You might go far in the profession you despise. But tell me, what do you wish to be?"

"A soldier, sir, an officer. It runs in my family three cousins are in the army and now a letter from home says that Cousin Dick—he's the fourth—passed his West Point exams. I wanted to try for an appointment, but Uncle Andrew says I must

stick by my bargain and be his clerk and read law with him."

"Uncle Andrew! You must be Andy Johnson's nephew; and your name is"——

"Pickett, sir; George Pickett. And you, sir?"

"My name's Lincoln. I don't live here, but I know your uncle well. Better not say anything to him about our little talk; but just you keep rubbing your lamp like that fellow in the Arabian Nights, and we'll see what happens."

A FEW mornings later George Pickett was awakened by pebbles thrown on his bedroom windowpane. Below stood Abraham Lincoln beside a horse saddled for a journey.

"You won't see me for a few days," he said. "I'm going up the way a piece, but don't forget to rub your lamp."

Every day the young Virginian looked for his friend. At last the mail brought one of those recent innovations of the stationer's—a thick envelope. It contained an official-looking document and this letter from Mr. Lincoln:

"I never encourage deceit, and falsehood, especially if you have got a bad memory, *is the worst* enemy a fellow can have. The fact is, truth is your truest friend, no matter what the circumstances are. Notwithstanding this copy book preamble, my boy, I am inclined to suggest *a little prudence* on your part. You see, I have a congenital aversion to failure, and the sudden announcement to your Uncle Andrew of the success of your 'lamp rubbing' might possibly prevent your passing the severe *physical* examination to which

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No sentence are legally absent in the discharge of their duties is almost nil, if not nil, the army corps.

THE HEROES OF JULY.

A Solemn and Imposing Event.

Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburgh.

IMMENSE NUMBERS OF VISITORS.

Oration by Hon. Edward Eve. it—Speecher of President Lincoln, Hy. Ecuard and Governor Seymour.

THE PROGRAMME SUCCESSFULLY CARRIED OUT

The ceremonies attending the dedication of the National Cemetery commences this morning by a grand military and civic display, under command of Maj.-Gen. Cutch. The line of march was taken by Brooks's, Rebel, Doubleday, and Couch. Detailed Colonel Thomas; and Provost Marshal Sherry.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SPEECH.

The President then delivered the following dedicatory speech.

Fourscore and seven years ago our Fathers brought forth upon this Continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. (Applause.) Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. (Applause.) The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on. (Applause.) It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. (Long continued applause.)

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A contemporary newspaper report that shows how the significance of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was underestimated.

you will be subject in order to enter the Military Academy. You see, I should like to have a perfect soldier credited to Illinois —no broken bones, scalp wounds, etc. So I think perhaps it might be wise to hand this letter from me in to your good uncle through his room window *after* he has had a *comfortable dinner*, and watch its effect from the top of the pigeon house."

The official document was a nomination for West Point signed by Congressman John T. Stuart of Illinois, Lincoln's law partner and the man who urged him to study law.

West Point was infinitely a harder taskmaster than stern old Uncle Andrew,

Old friends whom fate made antagonists—Lincoln (from a portrait made by Gardner in Washington on Nov. 8, 1863, eleven days before the Gettysburg Address) and Pickett, who led the flower of Lee's army to defeat.

Reserve Collection, Ewing Galloway, Culver Service, Brown Brothers; drawing on previous page by C. S. Reinhart in Harper's Weekly

but when you are happy nothing is hard that you enjoy doing. Cadet Pickett took to soldiering as a fish takes to water. Occasionally he heard from the man whose influence got him his appointment.

"Now, boy," Lincoln wrote, "on your march, don't you go ahead and forget the old maxim that 'one drop of honey catches more flies than a half-gallon of gall.' Load your musket with this maxim and smoke it in your pipe."

SECOND LIEUT. PICKETT hadn't a half-drop of gall in his disposition. He was jolly, impetuous, fairly bubbled good humor, and he never sent his men where he wouldn't go himself, because he would go anywhere. The Mexican War, which Congressman Lincoln opposed in stern criticism of President Pierce, was a sort of graduation present to the West Point Class of 1846. The country heard of dashing Lieutenant Pickett, who was first on the parapet in the scaling of Chapultepec and who unfurled the flag over the castle. Captain Robert Lee, who every one said was a coming man in the army, was his friend. Lieutenant George McClellan seemed to think almost as much of him as he did of himself. And a lonely lieutenant named Grant almost bit his cigar in two as he grinned and slapped his leg at George Pickett's jokes and tall stories.

Captain Pickett seemed to have too good a time to settle down and marry. One day, when he was past 30 and on duty at round old Fortress Monroe, he ambled down Virginia Beach. A pair of grave eyes with a bit of mischief in them stared at him from under a big cotton umbrella. They belonged to a 12-year-old girl who until then had spent her life regretting she was not the boy her father wanted. Pickett paid mock court to the little girl. When he saw her again she was at boarding school, and the court he paid her was no longer mock. He wrote LaSalle Corbell hundreds of letters signed "Soldier"—infectious, tender little letters full of incident and with just the right number of

burning love passages. They are letters that a man writes to one person alone; he would be wretched with embarrassment if any one else saw them. They are letters that a woman would keep and some day be proud to share with the world.

* * *

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war.

* * *

AFTER the Spring of 1861 Sally Corbell's love letters came from Northern Virginia. Major Gen. Pickett commanded a division in Longstreet's famous corps of Lee's army, and his letters contained endearing hopes of an early wedding, gay descriptions of grim hardships and grateful admiration of ragged soldiers who hailed him as "Massa Gawge." Late in June, 1863, these letters came streaming from Maryland and even Pennsylvania.

In May, Lee with 57,000 men had whipped Hooker's 97,000 at Chancellorsville, and President Lincoln, wringing his hands, cried "My God, my God! What will the country say!" The country replied with a poem, Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!" Lincoln had his eye on a man, but that man was busy on the Mississippi, pounding at Vicksburg.

Lee had won battles on his own soil,

but that was not enough. He must win a war—and that must be won on enemy territory. He collected 73,000 men, funneled them through the Shenandoah Valley and across the Potomac into Maryland. He might strike north toward Harrisburg, Pennsylvania's capital, or southeast at Washington, the Union capital. He could supply his army from enemy stores in Pennsylvania and decide whether to lunge at Philadelphia or Baltimore.

He had lost his "right arm," Stonewall Jackson, at Chancellorsville, and now, prompted by some evil genius, he had given up his "eyes." He permitted his cavalry leader and Sally Corbell's pseudo suitor, J. E. B. Stuart, to make a raid around one of Hooker's flanks and later join him in Maryland or Pennsylvania. For seven days as he marched toward Pennsylvania,

A heroic failure—Pickett's charge.

he heard nothing from the gaudy-plumed, yellow-sashed, glittering Jeb Stuart.

In the meantime Lee learned that Hooker had crossed the Potomac, placed his army between the Confederates and Washington and was following them. Lee decided to challenge this threat to his rear. He leaned over his maps, determined to continue his foraging raids in Pennsylvania and wait for Hooker on some favorable ground at Cashton, near Harrisburg.

Lincoln paced the floor of the War Department telegraph office. There would be another battle, and he dared not trust Hooker with it. Mrs. Lincoln was in Philadelphia and worried about returning to Washington. "I do not think the raid into Pennsylvania amounts to anything at all," he reassured her. The Governor of New Jersey reported panic in his State over Lee's Northern raid. "I think you'll not see the foe in New Jersey," the President replied.

Three days before the battle Hooker, angered by a feud with the War Department, resigned. Heavy pressure was resisted by Lincoln to restore McClellan to command. If Grant captured Vicksburg as a Fourth of July gift to the nation, he was the man Lincoln was looking for to take charge of the Union armies; accordingly he raised Meade, a corps commander, to lead the army of the Potomac.

This was swapping horses in midstream with a vengeance. It might be hard on Meade, but the real sufferer was Lee. He knew Hooker's failings and had planned accordingly, but Meade was an unknown quantity. However, Lee did not change his plans. Meade also selected a battle site. He chose Pipe Creek, near the little city of Gettysburg in Southern Pennsylvania.

Although neither Lee nor Meade planned to fight at Gettysburg, some barefoot Confederates decided that matter for them on the first of July. They needed shoes, and Gettysburg had them. A Confederate brigade approached the town but was seen and beaten to the settlement by Federal cavalry. One thing led to another and before Meade or Lee knew of it, regiments from both sides heard the firing, came up on the double and joined in. When Lee reached the scene at 2:30 P. M., 50,000 men were engaged. He ordered a flank attack, the Federals were driven through Gettysburg and results of the first day favored the Confederates.

"A neat little scurry," one of Lee's guests, Lieut. Col. Freemantle, on three months' leave from her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, entered that night in his journal. Shortly after midnight Meade arrived at the front and laid his lines for the next day. You can still poke up a controversy over who deserves the credit for choosing the Union position at Gettysburg. Whoever it was, did a good job, for Meade's 93,000 men ultimately were strung along a series of hills and ridges in the shape of a capital J. This arrangement made both flanks and center equidistant from one another; and inside the bend of the J, Meade could move his reserves from one end of the line to the other as he needed them without being seen by Confederate scouts.

THE GREAT BATTLES.

Splendid Triumph of the Army of the Potomac.

ROUT OF LEE'S FORCES ON FRIDAY

The Most Terrible Struggle of the War.

TREMENDOUS ARTILLERY DUEL

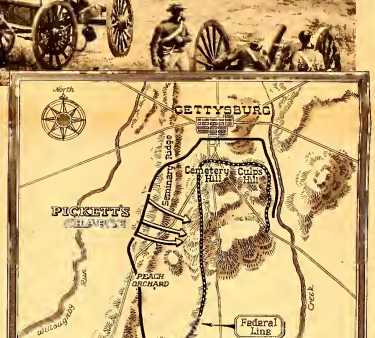
Repeated Charges of the Rebel Columns Upon Our Position.

Every Charge Repulsed with Great Slaughter.

The Death of Longstreet and Hill.

Our Cavalry Active on the Enemy's Flanks.

How the North got the news of Gettysburg.



The decisive third day of the decisive battle of the Civil War—A map showing the battle lines at the time of Pickett's charge.

The forenoon of Gettysburg's second day found the Confederates strung out on a larger, C-shaped curve of ridges facing the outside of Meade's *J*. Some restrained bickering went on between Lee and Longstreet, whose corps was arriving during the day. Lee's plans for attack were opposed by Longstreet, who urged that Meade be allowed to wear himself out by assault before the Confederates struck.

While the generals argued, a Confederate band behind one of the ridges played mincing polkas and waltzes. There wasn't much fighting until noon, but after that both sides flew at each other's throats. Round Top, Little Round Top and the Peach Orchard passed desperately into history, their *(Continued on Page 16)*

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THE DRAMA BEHIND THE GREAT GETTYSBURG EPIC

(Continued from Page 3)

significance overshadowed by the momentous drama of July 3.

All afternoon of the second, Pickett's division marched toward the front to the orchestra of the guns. When its commander reached headquarters he dashed off a note to Sally Corbell quoting what Lee had told Longstreet: "Tell Pickett I'm glad that he's come, that I can always depend upon him and his men but that I shall not want him this evening." Colonel Charles Marshall, who had spent an exciting day in a tree-top, strolled over to have a look at the commander of Lee's shock-troop division. "Pickett wears his hair in long ringlets," he sneered into his diary, "and is altogether a desperate-looking character."

"You may expect to hear of brilliant news," wired THE NEW YORK TIMES correspondent, E. L. Crounse, from the battlefield.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN spent the night in the telegraph office. When the instruments were silent he slumped in a chair, but at the first click of a receiver he was out of his seat with a bound and stood over the operator while he decoded the message.

At dawn Lee and his generals went over the plans. The cream of his army, Pickett's fresh division and 9,000 others, would advance three-quarters of a mile across an open field toward Federal positions behind a stone wall on a rising slope at the curve of the Cemetery. It would sweep around to force one of the flanks; somewhere, Lee reasoned, Meade's line would fail. Pickett set down some of the discussion in a letter to his bride-to-be.

"Great God!" Longstreet exploded. "Look, General Lee, at the insurmountable difficulties between our line and that of the Yankees—the steep hills, the clumps of artillery, the heavy skirmish line. Look at the ground we'll have to charge over, nearly a mile of it! Look around under the rain of their cannister and shrapnel."

"The enemy is there, General Longstreet," replied Lee, "and I am going to strike him."

Lee massed all of his artillery along Seminary Ridge. On the reverse slope, with orders to remain out of sight, lay the 14,000 men Pickett was to lead. Lee, Longstreet and Pickett rode along the ranks of prone men, and their progress could be traced by a ripple along the line as the men rose and lifted their hats in silent enactment of the gladiators' hail: "We who are about to die"——

When Lee left, Longstreet said to Pickett: "Alexander (General E. Peter Alexander, one of Stonewall Jackson's generals) will advise you the order to advance, for I can't."

AT 1 o'clock two signal guns spoke on Seminary Ridge. Lee's batteries of artillery went into action—the heaviest cannonade up to that time on earth. On the western front of the Cemetery fifty-five years later that fire would have been known as a barrage. Exploding shells marked the line from left to right as shells was quiet along the Army of the Potomac. For more than an hour the fire continued, then stopped. The moment had come. Pickett glanced at Alexander, who nodded. He looked at Longstreet, who gulped and turned away. Pickett rose to the theatrics of his occasion. "Then, general, I shall lead my division on!"

Over Seminary Ridge came 14,000 men. Pickett rode a few paces, then scribbled a message which he asked Longstreet to give to Sally Corbell: "If old Peter's nod means death, then good-bye and God bless you, little one."

Thus began the most magnificent military futility in American history. It was a headlong rush of 14,000 yelling maniacs. It was a double line of battle moving down the slope at a walk, the men with shouldered rifles and with tooth brushes stuck like flowers in the lapels of their coats. Why? Because as made gaps in the ranks, orders were to close in toward the center of the line. "Guide center!" was the command.

"A most magnificent spectacle," reported Correspondent Crounse.

Some Federal artillery opened up. All was quiet behind the stone wall. Pickett's gray cut the range. "Guide center!"

All of Meade's artillery went into action. Small groups of Confederates lay on the field. "Guide center!"

Pickett's men reached the bottom of the downward slope. The line of battle was not as broad as it was back there on Seminary Ridge. "Guide center!"

PICKETT'S men reached the ascent on the other side. Little flashes of flame came from the stone wall. Pickett's line shook as if struck by a heavy wind, then what was left of it broke with a rush at the smoking Union rifles.

Colonel Freemantle saw the Confederates leap over the stone wall and a few mad moments with bayonets and clubbed rifles. Without waiting for the outcome, he hurried to Longstreet's side, who sat glumly on a rail fence, and congratulated him upon his success. The Englishman thought he saw victory, but what he really saw was the high tide of the Confederacy and the beginning of an ebb which washed down to Appomattox.

What Freemantle also saw was the withering of the flower of Lee's army and the loss of a battle which dashed all Confederate hopes of winning peace that Summer. Gone, too, were expectations of recognition of Jefferson Davis's government by Britain and France. Repulsed at that stone wall across from the ridge where Freemantle stood, the Confederacy's cause was lost, though it lingered twenty months. "Very important news," read THE TIMES headline.

Broken remnants of what forty minutes before were 14,000 of the most seasoned troops in the world trickled back to Seminary Ridge. Pickett found one-quarter of his division fit for duty; the rest lay between the ridge and the stone wall. Tears rolled down his cheeks when he reported to his commander-in-chief. Lee was the calmest man on the field. "That is all my fault—ALL MY fault," he said, "and you must help me out of it as best you can."

Pickett's letters the next few days were a confused attempt to reconstruct the events of July 3. He knew that he had been in a big battle but he did not know that it was one of the world's decisive struggles. Nor did he realize that his charge would be one of the immortal hero tales of a reunited country.

Four months later Abraham Lincoln was shown over the battlefield. "Think of what our men went through here," said his guides at the stone wall. Lincoln pointed at the field beyond. "Yes, and think of what those men went through there," said George Pickett's friend.

* * *

We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

* * *

NEARLY 6,000 Union and Confederate dead were buried where they fell July 1, 2 and 3, with just a few scoops of earth over them. The State of Pennsylvania bought seventeen acres of ground next to Gettysburg Cemetery, dug up the men dead and arranged the new graves in a big half-circle. A committee was appointed to arrange dedication exercises. For one part of the occasion nothing but America's greatest would do—Edward Everett of Boston, former president of Harvard College and ex-Governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Everett accepted for Nov. 19. Printed invitations were sent to prominent men and, as a courtesy, one went to the Executive Mansion.

Thanks to the surprise and slight anxiety of the committee, Lincoln accepted. No one had dreamed that he would come. The committee met to discuss this unforeseen emergency. An ugly story was in circulation that Mr. Lincoln didn't know how to behave on battlefields, that when he visited Antietam the year before he crecked jokes and asked a friend to sing a song—a song where Union dead were piled highest. The story was a lie, but thousands of good people believed it because they wanted to.

The committee reached the obvious conclusion that if the President was coming to Gettysburg he should be asked to speak. Sixteen days before the exercises, the invitation arrived with a delicate hint of the proprieties of the occasion; the President was asked to "set apart formally these grounds for their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks."

* * *

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow —this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

* * *

THERE was strong feeling in the country that Lincoln was a failure as President. Thaddeus Stevens, Republican leader of the Senate, favored Salmon Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, instead of Lincoln in the 1864 nomination. He was asked whether he would attend the Gettysburg ceremonies, and his reply went all over Washington. "No, let the dead bury the dead."

Thoughtful Mr. Everett sent to Washington an advance copy of his Gettysburg oration, lest the President might duplicate his remarks. The proofs comprised two full newspaper pages, and the text appeared to cover all that could be said. Lincoln took the proofs with him to a photographer's one Sunday morning, intending to read the Everett oration between sittings while the photographer fussed with his plates and dodged in and out of a black shroud while he got the focus.

Instead of reading the proofs, Lincoln put them on a table beside him and talked with a friend. "What would a bad say at Gettysburg? He didn't know, but whatever he did say would be "short, short, short."

* * *

The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

* * *

LINCOLN jotted down a few notes for his address and filed them in the crown of his stovepipe hat, which served as head covering and brief case. Before his train left for Gettysburg he had set down nearly half of the text on a sheet of Executive Mansion stationery. He sat down with pencil and paper in his room at Gettysburg that night. The next morning he copied his 267-word manuscript, put it in his pocket and mounted a small horse which bore him in the procession to the soldier cemetery. All distinguished guests but one were on the platform at 11, the scheduled hour. The orator of the day was missing. The crowd waited for Mr. Everett until noon while a band did its best.

The 15,000 who remained were well rewarded, for Governor Everett performed magnificently. "Overlooking these broad fields now reposing under the colors of the waning year, the mighty Allegheries dimly towering before us, the graves of our brethren beneath our feet, it is with hesitation that I raise my poor voice—". From memory, word-for-word as he had written his oration, Mr. Everett spoke for one hour and fifty-seven minutes. "Down to the last period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country, there will be no brighter page than that which relates the battles of Gettysburg."

By now it was long after lunch time. The crowd boiled around while the Baltimore Glee Club sang an ode for the occasion which Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant and James Russell Lowell all pleaded they had not time to write. The President of the United States was introduced.

MR. LINCOLN adjusted a pair of steel spectacles, drew from a pocket a few sheets of paper, held them in both bands and read "in a very deliberate manner," reported a THIMES correspondent. When his listeners thought that he had just begun, he stopped and sat down. There was scattering applause, then silence. The maddest man on the grounds was a photographer; his camera was set to catch the President speaking, but before he got his lens in focus Lincoln was through. A minister stepped forward and fluttered his eyelids in benediction.

"I am disappointed," murmured Mr. Everett. "It is not what I

(Continued on Page 17.)

FOOTLIGHTS ARE AGLOW FAR FROM BROADWAY

New York Times Studios

Summer theatre dressing room.

(Continued from Page 11)

"Fata Morgana," "Candida," which bob up regularly in the lists.

Otherwise, it is pretty well established now that Summer audiences prefer light fare; or if it is to be heavier, melodrama is their dish. "Tonight at 8:30" and "Boy Meets Girl" were last year's favorites on the Summer circuit. "Personal Appearance" and "Post Road" the year before—lively shows, occasionally sophisticated but generally "clean" and consistently amusing. "Yes, My Darling Daughter" will probably be at the head of the class this year.

For the essence of the Summer theatre is entertainment, and to the festive spirit is added the lure of "names"—the guest artists who roam from one stand to another, to be supported by resident companies, as stars did in a more glamorous theatre era. The announcements are a cavalcade of personalities known to the Broadway playbills. Jane Cowl going back to "The Road to Rome," Richard Bennett to "They Knew What They Wanted," Helen Hayes and company tuning up "The Merchant of Venice" at Suffern, and Fred Stone reviving "Lightnin'" in several places, before bringing them to Broadway next season. At one stand or another, Sylvia Sidney, Wendy Reed, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Aline MacMahon, Eugenie Leontovich, Blanche Yurka, Percy Kilbride, Claudia Morgan, Blanche Ring, Walter Hampden, Effie Shannon, Frances Starr, Nance O'Neil, June Walker, Margaret Wycherly.

WHATEVER they are appearing in, it will be known technically as "straw hat" drama. And Broadway, which used to smile a little condescendingly at it, now recognizes it as an extremely important factor in the legitimate theatre. A complex one, too. Time was, not more than six years ago, when you wouldn't have used the word "industry" at all in connection with the Summer circuit. There wasn't even a circuit. There were some scattered houses—the Lakewood at Skowhegan, Me., now in its forty-first year; Elitch's Gardens in Denver, which opened more than fifty years ago; a few others now well established but struggling for a start as recently as 1926.

And now (all of a sudden, it seems), here are those expert theatrical observers, the street-corner sages of Times Square, pondering the Summer theatre's "angles" with all the gravity they would give to a momentous problem like ticket speculation.

The sages have not yet submitted their final estimate of the Summer theatre. They can't, because the picture changes too fast. Moreover, it contains too many and differing items for easy generalization. A number of the "straw hats" are, to be blunt about it, dishonest. Operated by amateurs and employing amateurs (but not saying so out loud), they display their wares to a public which pays until it learns better. Many of the "schools" which promise everything give nothing, but nevertheless charge money. They represent the Summer theatre's racketeers, cousins to Broadway's "shoestringers."

Eliminating these, the sages still have for consideration the "straw hats" of good repute on the Actors Equity Association's list of fifty-odd professional theatres. A good many of them have come of age now, so that it isn't too soon to ask some questions. What have they given artistically and economically to Broadway? What, as the sages might put it, do they prove?

ABOUT art, the answer is equivocal. Having to depend chiefly on revivals of the tried and true, the Summer theatres do not develop much new playwriting blood, and figures bear out their lack in this respect. They made 261 productions last year, of which seventy-three were new. Of those seventy-three that were tried out, two came to Broadway. Both failed. It is about like that every year.

So the Summer theatres do little or nothing of value in the matter of new plays, unless one considers, a bit cynically, that Broadway is in debt to them for discovering the worst about a lot of scripts that might have been tested later on Broadway itself, with acutely painful results. Such as it is, the Summer's contribution to art is elsewhere. It can be classified, if loosely, as training.

For the theatres away from Broadway have taken over in large part an educational function that Broadway no longer has room for and that year-round stock no longer exists to provide. In their casts are "bit" roles for youngsters who would be a long time getting to a stage, if ever. Backstage, where theatrical-labor union rules are less strict than on Broadway, is room for scores of the young technicians—stage managers, designers — pouring annually out of the college drama schools.

Less shadowy is the Summer stage as a factor in theatre economics. There, beyond question, it is frequently a lifesaver. Everybody knows that two of Broadway's afflictions are type-casting or, worse, no casting at all. The Summer stage does something about that. Filling its ranks, along with guest stars and featured players, are troupers by the hundred who haven't been working, or, if they have, are "typed" and unemployed for long periods between New York jobs. The Summer theatres—still overlooking the dubious ones—give them money, restore morale.

It wasn't always so, even among the better-grade houses. Only in 1936 did Equity step into the field to protect its members. Until then there had been managers who paid actors $10 a week, minus room and board; or gave them room and board of doubtful quality and no salary at all, for "seasons" that had a way of ending abruptly in midsummer. Now Equity actors are entitled to the same minimum—$40 a week —they get on Broadway, nor is any Summer manager allowed to charge them more than $3 a day for room and board.

THERE are still the racketeers, and Equity has to plead with its members not to "kick back" any part of their salary. But, in general, the effect of the rulings was immediate. More than a score of those who called themselves impresarios, and were called something else by actors and audiences they had defrauded, were sent scurrying. The theatres that remained were strengthened further by another Equity rule forbidding competition within too small an area. The Summer circuit was given a new dignity and financial soundness.

Not all of the "straw hats" will get through the season. From some will rise the angry protests of actors who, in spite of precautions, have been mistreated and of audiences that discover any admission fee whatever to have been too much. But the best of the rustic group will have done its job honestly and well, adding stability to an industry that needs it and training newcomers for a profession that can still use the most talented of them.

And — no small matter these days—a lot of people will have had a good deal of fun.

DRAMA BEHIND GETTYSBURG

(Continued from Page 16)

expected of him. What do you think of it, Mr. Seward?"

"He has made a failure," said Lincoln's Secretary of State. "His speech was not equal to him."

"It was a flat failure," admitted Lincoln on the way back to Washington. "I should have spent more time in preparation."

By the next morning Mr. Everett had changed his mind. "I would be glad," he wrote Lincoln, "if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

Mr. Everett's reactions were as mixed as those of the press. Said The Chicago Times: "The cheek of every American must tingle with shame as he reads the silly, flat and flatulentary utterance of the man who has to be pointed out to intelligent foreigners as the President of the United States."

According to one of those intelligent foreigners, the correspondent of the Times of London, "the ceremony was rendered ludicrous by some of the sallies of that poor President Lincoln. Anything more dull and commonplace it would not be easy to produce."

"It will live among the annals to come," some one wrote in The Chicago Tribune. The Cincinnati Gazette found it "a perfect thing in every respect." High praise for the address came from The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, The Detroit Advertiser and Tribune and The Providence Journal.

A few miles away from Gettysburg, in Harrisburg, a writer for The Patriot and Union let himself go on Lincoln's remarks. "For the credit of the nation, we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall be no more repeated or thought of."

* * *

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

* * *

RICHMOND, Va., April 5, 1865, three days after Confederates evacuated and Union troops entered the city, and ten days before the night a shot was fired in a Washington theatre. A young woman, carrying her infant son in her arms, answered a knock at her front door.

"Is this George Pickett's house?" asked a strange man.

"Yes, but he's not at home."

"I know that, ma'am, but I just wanted to see the place. I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President!"

"No, ma'am!. No, ma'am, just Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend."

"I am George Pickett's wife and this is his baby."

George Pickett Jr. reached out his hands. Lincoln took him in his arms and kissed him.

"Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of that kiss and those bright eyes."

Abraham Lincoln handed the baby back to LaSalle Pickett. He turned and went down the steps, talking to himself.

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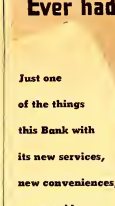

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Gettysburg

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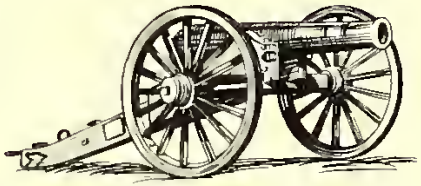


Gettysburg

NATIONAL MILITARY PARK

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, *Oscar L. Chapman, Secretary*

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE, *Arthur E. Demaray, Director*

Scene of the decisive Battle of Gettysburg, marking the turning point of the American Civil War, and place where Abraham Lincoln made his celebrated Gettysburg Address

GETTYSBURG is the field of one of the greatest battles ever fought on American soil. The outcome affected the destiny of a nation. We now know that those who perished there on the field of battle did not die in vain. The field of Gettysburg ever will remain a place of pilgrimage for Americans. On it their Nation was tested. The Nation has endured.

The name of Gettysburg is immortalized not only by the heroic feats of arms which were performed there, but by Abraham Lincoln's noble address delivered a few months after the battle when he came to Gettysburg to dedicate a portion of the field as the burial ground of those who fell in the struggle. Lincoln's words have perpetuated in the minds and hearts of our people the high purpose of the brave men who died at Gettysburg. The spot on which the martyr President uttered his immortal words is now appropriately marked by the Soldiers' National Monument in the Gettysburg National Cemetery.

Battle of Gettysburg

In June 1863, as a result of victories at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville during the preceding months, the military spirit of the Confederacy was at "high noon." By a daring thrust into Northern territory and a defeat of the Union Army on its own soil, Southern leaders felt that the strained bonds holding the North to the task of preserving the Union could be severed, the war ended, and peace established on the basis of Southern independence.

At Gettysburg on July 1, 2, and 3, 1863, the Confederate Army, commanded by Gen. Robert E. Lee, attempted to destroy the Union Army of the Potomac, commanded by Gen. George G. Meade, on its own soil. This battle has become known as the High Watermark of the Confederacy. It marked the turn of the tide in the war.

Using the Shenandoah Valley as an avenue of approach into Pennsylvania, Lee's army began moving northwestward from Fredericksburg on June 3, crossed the Potomac River at Williamsport and Shepherdstown, and proceeded toward Harrisburg. Unforeseen circumstances between June 25 and 29 deprived Lee of nearly every advantage he expected to gain by his daring march into the North. The absence of Stuart, commanding

Notes on the Battle

At Gettysburg, 18 States were represented in the Union Army and 12 in the Confederate. Maryland contributed military units to both armies. In the battle, 75,000 Confederates were pitted against 88,000 Union troops. Lee lost, in killed, wounded, and captured, a total of 28,000, as against a Union loss of 23,000. The bodies of approximately 7,000 men of both armies, given temporary burial on the battlefield, were later removed. Of these, 3,704 Federals were interred in Gettysburg National Cemetery and 3,320 Confederates were transferred to Southern cemeteries. An unknown additional number, totaling possibly 3,000, were reburied in home cemeteries.

The Park

In 1895, the battlefield of Gettysburg was made a national military park by act of Congress. In that year the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, which was founded a few months after the battle, transferred its holdings of 600 acres of land, 17 miles of avenues, and 320 monuments and markers to the Federal Government. Today the park contains approximately 2,542 acres of land, 26 miles of paved avenues, and 2,390 monuments and markers.

Service to the Public

Information and free literature concerning the park may be obtained at the National Park Service museum in the Post Office Building, at the office of the national cemetery, at the park entrance stations, and during the summer season at Little Round Top, where a ranger historian is stationed. The services of park historians are also available for tours with educational groups. A 56-page handbook relating to Gettysburg National Military Park may be obtained from the park superintendent or from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C., at 25 cents a copy.

Battlefield guides, licensed by the National Park Service, operate under the supervision of the park superintendent. A complete, guided tour of the park, visiting the battlegrounds of July 1, north and west of Gettysburg, and of July 2 and 3, south of the town, requires approximately 2 hours, and the guide fee is $3. A special tour, covering the main points of interest and requiring about 1 hour, is available at $2. The guide fee for a bus is $5.

The Cyclorama, a painting of the battlefield on which is shown Pickett's Charge, is located on Baltimore Street near the National Cemetery. This magnificent painting by Philippoteaux, which was acquired by the National Park Service in 1942, is 370 feet in circumference and 30 feet in height. The admission fee for persons 12 years of age and over is 25 cents, plus 5 cents Federal tax. Children under 12 years old are admitted free, and school groups, 12 to 18 years of age, pay 5 cents tax only.

Field exhibits are located at important points in the park.

How to Reach the Park

Gettysburg National Military Park and National Cemetery are accessible by highway over U. S. No. 30 from the east and west; U. S. No. 15 from the north and south; U. S. No. 140 from Baltimore, Md.; State No. 34 from Carlisle, Pa.; and State No. 116 from Hagerstown, Md., and Hanover, Pa. Greyhound Bus Lines operate over U. S. Nos. 30 and 140; the Blue Ridge Lines over U. S No. 15 from the south; and the Gettysburg-Harrisburg Bus Line over U. S. No. 15 from Harrisburg.

Administration

Gettysburg National Military Park is a part of the National Park System owned by the people of the United States and administered for them by the National Park Service of the United States Department of the Interior. Communications should be addressed to the Superintendent, Gettysburg National Military Park, Gettysburg, Pa

the Confederate cavalry, during a long, circuitous tour around the rear of the Union Army, had deprived Lee of information concerning the movements of the enemy. The Union Army, moving due northward from Fredericksburg, had thus reached Frederick, Md., before Lee, across the mountains at Chambersburg, Pa., learned on June 28 of its near presence.

Lee at once altered his plans. He abandoned his proposed movement on Harrisburg, and directed a concentration of his entire force at the eastern base of the South Mountains, 8 miles from Gettysburg.

Meade needed information. Buford's cavalry division, with the infantry corps of Reynolds and Howard following close at hand, reached Gettysburg on June 30 to make a reconnaissance. On the morning of July 1 Buford moved to the ridge west of the town. Here, at 8 o'clock, he encountered Heth's Confederate division which was approaching Gettysburg from the west. Reynolds directed his troops into the struggle and also ordered forward those of General Howard. At this juncture Reynolds was killed. Heth's division, momentarily forced back, received reinforcements, but the Confederates were losing ground when Rodes' division, hastening southward on Oak Ridge, struck the right flank of the Union line on McPherson Ridge. The opportune arrival of Early's Confederate division on the Harrisburg Road broke the Union line north of Gettysburg, forcing the Union troops to retreat southward through the streets of the town. The Union flank on the northwest and west was left exposed. It soon collapsed, and its fragments fell back through Gettysburg to Cemetery Hill.

The unexpected encounter of July 1 presented to Lee unforeseen advantages. The greater part of the Confederate Army was at hand. While the Union line was forming in the shape of a great hook, extending from Spangler's Spring to Cemetery Hill and southward toward Little Round Top, Lee was preparing his battle line on Seminary Ridge and eastward through the streets of Gettysburg.

The forenoon of July 2 wore away. Then at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon Longstreet's batteries on the Confederate right broke the silence. A Confederate division struck at Little Round Top. Failing there, the attack spread to Devil's Den and the Wheatfield. In the meantime, other Confederate troops swept through the Peach Orchard and drove Sickles' Union line from its advance position back to the foot of Cemetery Ridge. Confederate troops gained a foothold momentarily on the crest of the ridge. Four hours of desperate struggle had broken the Peach Orchard salient, left the Wheatfield strewn with dead and wounded, and turned the base of Little Round Top into a shambles.

At the same time, Ewell, on the Confederate left, was expected to attack the Union position on Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill. The plan did not work perfectly, however, and the attack came a little late. Seldom, if ever, surpassed in its dash and desperation, this assault lacked the culminating fury of concerted action. Some of the Confederates stopped on the slopes of Culp's Hill, near Spangler's Spring. Early's men reached the crest of East Cemetery Hill, only to be forced back. Rodes' troops did not attack. Darkness brought an intermission to the bloody combat.

Lee, encouraged by partial success, determined to attack the Union center. The dawn of July 3, however, broke with the thunder of Union guns on the Union right in the area of Spangler's Spring and Culp's Hill. Seven hours of furious fighting found the Union troops again in possession of their earthworks at Spangler's Spring. The spring, whose waters had for a time served Confederate wounded and thirsty, had again become a Union possession.

With the struggle ended at Spangler's Spring, comparative quiet followed, except for casual skirmishing, the intermittent sniping of sharpshooters, and a brisk cavalry action in the rear of the Union lines. At 1 o'clock, 138 Confederate guns in line from the Peach Orchard to the Seminary let loose a terrific cannonade. Eighty Union guns on Cemetery Ridge responded in a duel which lasted nearly 2 hours.

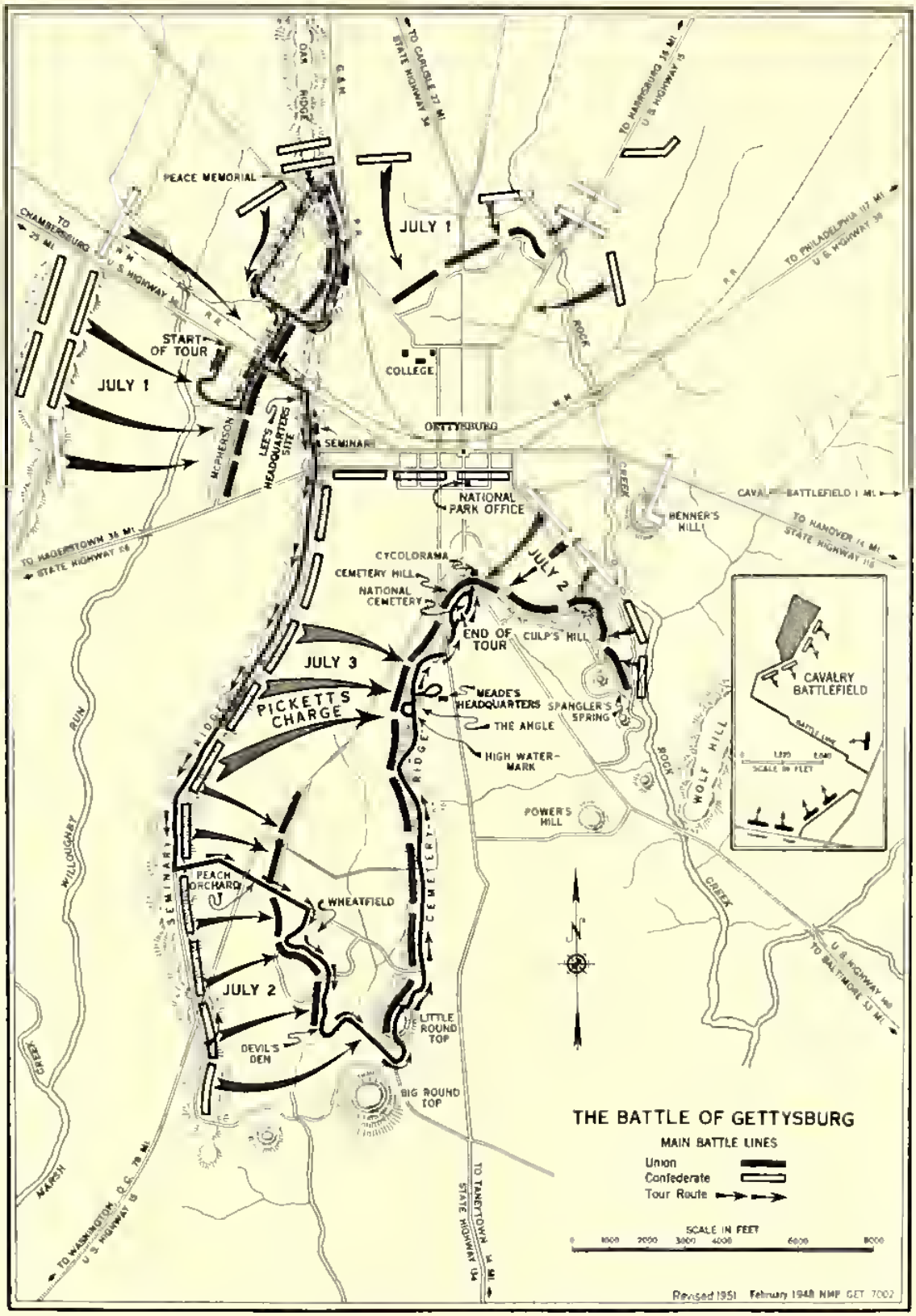
Then, with Pickett's division as a spearhead, more than 15,000 Confederates advanced in magnificent array. On nearing the Union line at the stone wall on Cemetery Ridge, the Confederates charged into the withering fire of double canister and infantry volleys. From the front and flank fire, the advancing lines crumbled, reformed, and again pressed ahead. Only a hundred men crossed the stone wall at the Angle on Cemetery Ridge. The remnants of the division of Pickett, Heth, and Pender staggered back toward Seminary Ridge. The repulse of the attack became known as the High Watermark where the tide of the Confederacy had "swept to its crest, paused, and receded."

Lee's final great effort at Gettysburg had spent itself. Late on the afternoon of July 4, he began an orderly retreat southwestwardly over the Hagerstown Road, and on the night of July 13 crossed the Potomac into Virginia.

Big and Little Round Tops as seen from Confederate battle line

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address Memorial

Eternal Light Peace Memorial



Cover: Field of Pickett's Charge, with his attack on the Union position at the Angle, in the foreground. From the Philippoteaux painting in the Gettysburg Cyclorama.

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WHEN LINCOLN WEPT

An Anecdote of the Civil War

A short but poignant verse in the Bible: "Jesus wept." It seems to show that weeping may be a relief to the bravest of souls. An instance when Abraham Lincoln found this relief, at the most tragic moment of the Civil war, has just been brought to light.

The story comes to us directly from the great president's eldest son, the late Robert T. Lincoln, whose recent death has made it seem proper now at last to make public this intimate and revealing illustration of Abraham Lincoln's unlimited capacity to suffer and be silent.

He was suffering because he had just seen neglected and lost a priceless opportunity to end the war in 1863, and to save 3,000,000 soldiers from more years of needless slaughter and torment. He was silent because he was too selfless, too high-hearted, to publish the truth about the responsibility of Gen. Meade, who had squarely disobeyed the president's command and thereby lost the chance to end the war with the battle of Gettysburg.

Gen. Lee's situation after that battle was desperate. To save his army, the confederacy's last hope, he had to get it across the Potomac river at once, but the heavy rains had washed away the bridge he expected to use. Lincoln saw and tried to seize this matchless chance to crush or capture Lee's force. Why he failed is thus explained by his son, Robert, in a communication made to an intimate friend and published last month for the first time in the American Historical Review:

"Entering my father's room right after the battle of Gettysburg," said Robert Lincoln, "I found him in tears, with head bowed upon his arms resting on the table at which he sat.

"'Why, what is the matter, father?' I asked.

"For a brief interval he remained silent, then raised his head, and the explanation of his grief was forthcoming.

"'My boy,' said he, 'when I heard that the bridge at Williamsport (over which Lee must cross to escape) had been swept away, I sent for Gen. Haupt and asked him how soon he could replace the same. He replied, "If I were uninterrupted I could build a bridge with the material there within twenty-four hours and, Mr. President, Gen. Lee has engineers as skilful as I am."

"'Upon hearing this,' continued President Lincoln, 'I at once wrote Meade (the union general in command) to attack without delay and, if successful, to destroy my letter, but in case of failure to preserve it for his vindication. I have just learned that at a council of war of Meade and his generals it had been determined not to pursue Lee and now the opportune chance of ending this bitter struggle is lost.'"

Robert Lincoln, in giving this account some time before his recent death, re-enforced it by remarking, "What I tell you are the facts in the case, all other authorities to the contrary notwithstanding."

After this heart-breaking disappointment, what did President Lincoln do to his disobedient general? Did he sit down and write a "scorching" letter of censure? Yes, he did. Read it and see if it wouldn't "scorch" anybody:

"My Dear General," it said, "I do not believe you appreciate the magnitude of the misfortune involved in Lee's escape. He was within your easy grasp and to have closed upon him would, in connection with our other late success, have ended the war. As it is the war will be prolonged indefinitely. If you could not safely attack Lee last Monday, how can you possibly do so south of the river, when you can take with you very few more than two-thirds of the force you then had in hand? It would be unreasonable to expect, and I do not expect, that you can now effect much. Your golden opportunity is gone and I am distressed immeasurably because of it.

"I beg you will not consider this a prosecution or persecution of yourself. As you had learned that I was dissatisfied, I have thought it best to kindly tell you why."

But this "scorching" letter seemed to Lincoln too wounding to send, so he didn't send it. He suppressed it instead and it was not made public till years later. By writing it he got his bitterness of regret out of his system. How could it help the cause of the union, he characteristically figured, to put that bitterness into the system of Gen. Meade by sending him the letter?

"I sometimes write a letter like that," he said on another occasion, "and it does me good, but I never send it." He seems to have cared less than any other living man about who got the glory for winning the war or the blame for losing it.

By HENRY W. LAWRENCE
(In the Chicago Daily News.)

GETTYSBURG RECALLED
IN MOVIES AND TELEVISION

The battle of Gettysburg was well represented in television and movies this past month.

Three weeks ago "Omnibus" presented James Daly in "Lee at Gettysburg". This hour and a half television play was concerned not with tactics or the mechanics of warfare, but with the personalities and personality problems involved. It especially dealt with the misunderstanding between Lee and Longstreet about the conduct of the battle, and made Old Pete look like the villain of the piece, deliberately throwing Gettysburg away.

An amusing sidelight was shown the following week, when Alistair Cook read a letter which was highly critical of the show, and accused the authors of ignorance and worse in making Jeb Stuart look like an irresponsible clown in order to give an excuse for Lee's failure. The letter was signed by Jeb Stuart III. Then another letter was read which extolled the masterly presentation of the difficulties and problems of leadership which Lee faced, and praised the insight of the writers. It was signed by Robert E. Lee IV.

The long awaited featurette "The Battle of Gettysburg" was shown in a center city theater this month too. Without a living creature in the cast, the twenty minute film, narrated by Leslie Nielsen and made with the technical advice of Dr. J. Walter Coleman, gave a breathtaking account of the fight. Nothing is seen but the terrain of Gettysburg, the landmarks on the field, but no full dress reenactment could be more exciting. The audience itself engaged in the slugging on McPherson's Ridge on the first day, participated in the wild melee on the left on the second day. And then came the third of July, and Pickett's charge. It was all there, the steady march over the long mile, the tenseness of the waiting Union forces, and the clash which spelled the end.

Keep an eye open for it. Whatever feature may be shown, don't miss seeing "The Battle of Gettysburg".

The Pennsylvania theme was rounded off with the appearance of a book in the fall entitled "They Met at Gettysburg", a complete account within one cover of the entire Pennsylvania campaign of 1863.

Brooklyn Section
Sunday News
New York's Picture Newspaper
2/12/61

Of 300 Comrades, 200 Fell

Struggle at Gettysburg Limned by Brooklynite

"The boys stood right up to their work . . . going into the fight we had something over 300 men and today we only number 100. We cannot tell how many are killed, but the greater portion are wounded. Our division suffered severely . . ."

With these words, scribbled in pencil the night after of the first day of the Battle of Gettysburg, a Brooklyn officer told of the fierce fighting in that famous Civil War battle.

The letter was written on July 2, 1863 by Adjutant John Vliet, presumed to be one of the borough's 75,000 volunteers who responded to Lincoln's call for soldiers in April 1861.

One of 12 Letters

It was one of twelve letters he wrote which will be featured at the Long Island Historical Society's second program in its "Brooklyn and the Civil War" series Thursday evening at 128 Pierrepont St.

The series is part of the society's participation in the Centennial Celebration of the Civil War, of which Edgerton North is president.

"I think Vliet's Civil War letters are among the most interesting and important I have read," the Rev. Dr. David M. Cory, chairman of the society's special projects committee, said yesterday. "It amazes me how he found time to write them."

With the exception of one letter which he wrote to his mother after the Battle of Bull Run, all of Vliet's others were addressed to his employer, Charles Collins. Collins, who preserved the letters—and made a copy of the mother's—turned them over to the society in 1894. According to Collins' letter at that time, Vliet returned to work for him after the war but died before 1894.

Letters to Be Read

Cory, long one of Brooklyn's most prominent ministers and now pastor of the Homecrest Presbyterian Church, Avenue T and E. 15th St., will read the letters at Thursday's meeting, which is open to the public.

According to Corey, Vliet served in the renowned 84th (14th) Regiment. He enlisted at the age of 26 and became a first sergeant in Company D on May 23, 1861.

In his letter about Gettysburg's toll, Vliet wrote, "I escaped yesterday without a scratch although nearly all of our company are wounded or missing . . . we number 10 men and two officers.

"The Second Wisconsin have only 40 men . . . all their field and staff officers are killed or wounded. Today it has been rather quiet except for skirmishing and sharp shooting and shelling their wagon trains and cavalry . . .

"I'm sorry to say, however, that the wounded were not attended to except by our men in the ranks who had to dress them as well as they knew how—surgeons being very difficult to find at first . . .

Critical of Attack

Discussing the July 1 fighting, Vliet said he thought "we attacked the enemy before it was intended as our corps was the only one for several hours on the field."

Unable to post the letter during the battle, Vliet added a postscript on July 4, noting "so far, today all is quiet and we are burying our dead."

Vliet, who escaped wounds until the Battle of the Wilderness in 1864, wrote to his mother after the Battle of Bull Run: "On Sunday morning we got on our way at 3 o'clock in the morning for Bull Run and marched until nearly 12 o'clock without halting scarcely on the way . . .

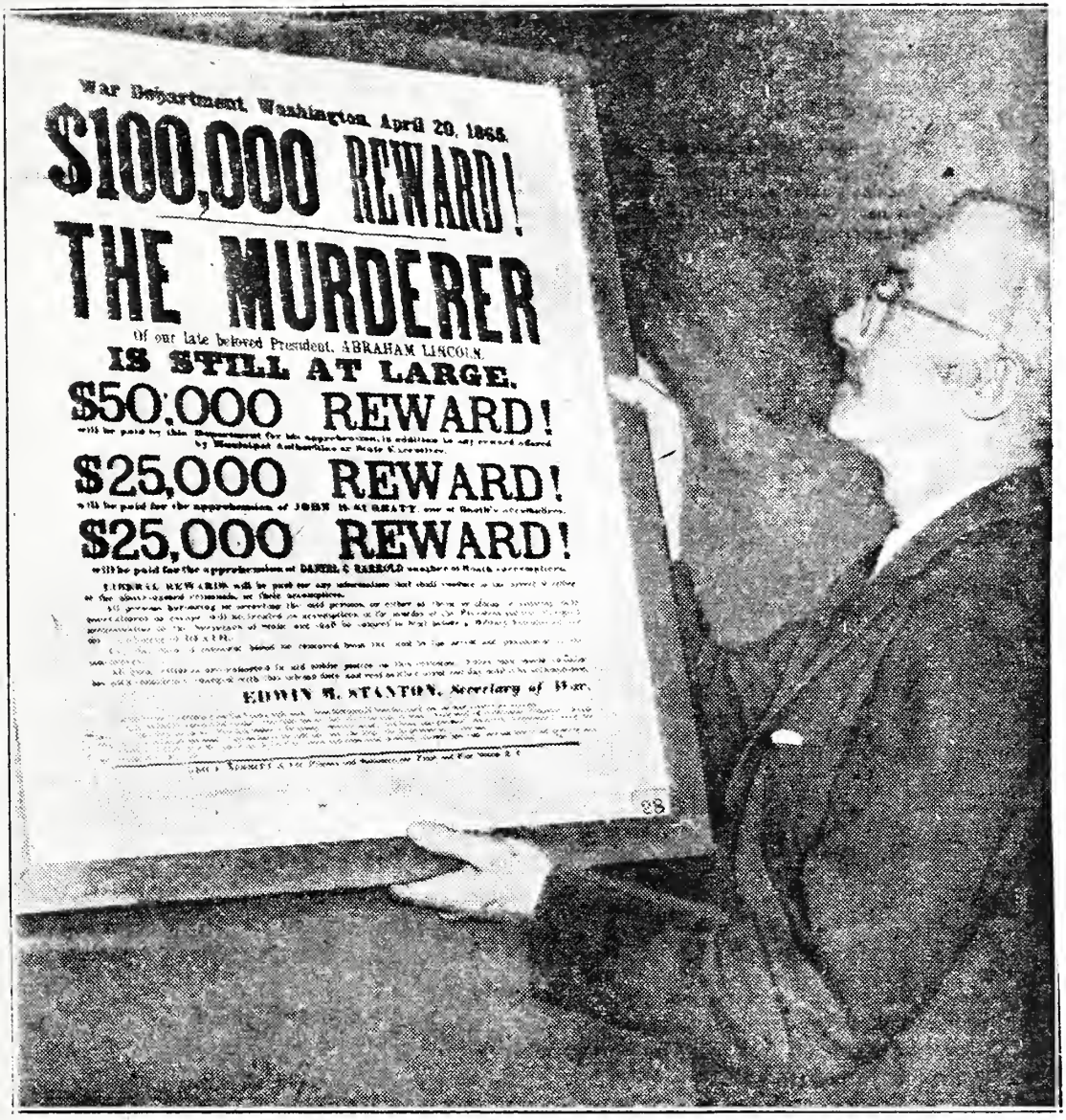
"And when we arrived within a mile-and-a-half of the battlefield they put us on the double quick march which exhausted the men, it being a very warm day and water scarce . . . But they managed to make their rallies with our regiment."

(Pictures on back page)

Stop Press News—1861-65

South Carolina leaves the Union and the Charleston Mercury comes out with an extra. This is one of the items in Brooklyn and the Civil War centennial program which the Long Island Historical Society is sponsoring. Librarian Helen Bolman holds the framed exhibit.

—Story on page 56



(NEWS photo by Ed Peters)

Dr. David M. Cory puts up a reward poster for Lincoln's assassin.

ILLINOIS STATE REGISTER
Springfield, Illinois
November 19,1963

Letter Tells Of Gettysburg Casualties

A first hand account of the tremendous number of casualties of the battle of Gettysburg was revealed in an original letter shown here today.

The letter owned by King V. Hostick of Springfield, a collector of historical documents, was written by David McConaughy, an attorney of Gettysburg, Pa., and an officer of the Battle Field Memorial Association.

The letter written Nov. 25, 1863, said: "I report to you the result of my desired attention to re-covering the exposed remains of the rebel dead. I have dispersed $65 in full for the labor devoted to it before the 19th inst.

"The number of pits was 134 and of single graves nearly 400 recovered, embracing at a reasonable estimate about 3,000 rebel dead. This work was confined to the lines of the position of the Union and Rebel armies. A great many of the Rebel dead were carried to the rear and buried so as to conceal their total loss. I have no doubt that 5,000 lay buried at and near the scenes of conflict; and of course there are yet remains which are exposed; and to recover the scattered dead required more time than afforded prior to the 19th. But all that could be done was done and I have heard of no strictures upon their remains being offensively exposed."

Played Out Again at Gettysburg

By WILLIAM K. STEVENS
Special to The New York Times

GETTYSBURG, Pa., June 26 — A century and a quarter later, the pilgrims are converging from everywhere, by the thousands, on this little Pennsylvania town with its immortal name.

Those from places like Virginia and Georgia tend to linger the longest on Seminary Ridge, from which Gen. Robert E. Lee watched his soldiers press the Confederate cause to its high-water mark.

From there, on these peacefully soft summer evenings of 1988, latter-day Americans use binoculars much like the general's to spy on wild deer and pheasants. The pheasants quarrel territorially over the very ground across which 14,000 of Lee's troops advanced in the desperate, lethal but futile assault known as Pickett's Charge.

Occaslonal Molst Eyes

Across the field, on Cemetery Ridge, a slight rise a mile away, Union forces repulsed Pickett's Charge and stopped an invasion of the North that might well have secured Southern independence and changed world history. That is where Americans from places like New York and Michigan tend to tarry longest, meditating with far-away looks and an occasional moist eye.

One hundred twenty-five years ago today, 92,000 Union and 70,000 Confederate troops maneuvered in the lushly rolling farmland hereabouts toward a chance encounter that would touch off what is widely considered the Civil War's decisive battle.

The clash on July 1, 2 and 3, 1863, was drama of the highest order: General Lee, his army in top form and wearing an aura of invincibility after a long series of major victories, thrust boldly into Pennsylvania in a bid to end the war on Confederate terms. The North panicked. But the Union army prevailed, at a cost of 51,000 casualties on both sides. General Lee's army never recovered.

Americans responded to chords of memory this weekend, jamming this town of 7,000 people, creating huge traffic jams as they gathered for the explosive opener of a 17-day observance of the battle's anniversary.

Fatal Charge Re-enacted

Over a three-day period starting Friday, some 7,500 "troops" refought the battle in what was billed as the largest Civil War re-enactment to date.

Today, in the climactic scene, more than 60,000 spectators — it was a sell-out all three days — watched from a grassy hillside as gray-clad Southerners once again assaulted their blue-uniformed adversaries in a portrayal of the fatal charge led by Gen. George Pickett on July 3, 1863.

The event was organized and staged for the American Civil War Commemorative Committee by Napoleonic Tactics Inc., but it might have been the work of Cecil B. De Mille.

With rebel flags and regimental colors snapping in the breeze across a mile-wide front, a gray-clad force of 4,500, roughly a third the size of the one that General Lee actually sent in 1863, advanced up a mile-long slope in spectacular formation. At the top, a blue force of 3,000, massed along a ridge just south of here, waited with cannon and musket.

Sun, Smoke and Dust

On the Southerners came, rank after rank in the hot sun, through the smoke and dust, breaking at last into the famed Rebel yell as the smoke and roar of musketry filled the afternoon. The Confederates breached the Union line for what seemed an instant, then fell back, staggering down the slope.

As they did, three or four Yankees ran after them, trying to snatch a rebel battle flag. "That's a no-no" among the fraternity of Civil War re-enactors, Hanson Boyd, a Confederate soldier from Atlanta, had said before the bat-

Associated Press

Union, left, and Confederate troops in a re-enactment Saturday of a cavalry engagement in the Battle of Gettysburg.

Emotions still run high 125 years after the Civil War battle.

tle. "We're real particular about our colors," he added. Yesterday, a fist flight broke out on the battlefield when a Union officer unhorsed a Confederate who had seized the Stars and Stripes.

After their "victory" today, Union horsemen paraded a captured Confederate banner in front of the Federal ranks while huzzahs filled the air.

Largest American Battle Toll

The 1863 battle was an event to which superlatives cling. It was the biggest, bloodiest and most critical single battle of a war in which more Americans died than in all other wars combined, including World War II and the Vietnam War.

It was also a turning point of the nation's most traumatic and emotional collective experience, Dr. James M. McPherson, the Princeton University scholar and Civil War authority, said here the other day.

Mourners of a Lost Cause

The battle was re-enacted on private land because the National Park Service does not allow such activities on the real battlefield. And it took place a week early to avoid interfering with events planned here next weekend, when up to 50,000 visitors a day are expected to descend on Gettysburg.

Events like this open deep wellsprings of nostalgia, loyalty and sentiment, particularly among some Southerners, mourners of the lost cause, on whose soil the war was mostly fought.

Contact between Yankees and Rebels at re-enactments is "pretty minimal," because tempers sometimes flare, said Charles Smith of Columbus, Ga., who portrayed a Confederate soldier.

But for many Americans, the memory fades into dried textbook images.

"I can go into McDonald's wearing my uniform, and people will ask me which side I'm on," said Keith Harrison of Okemos, Mich., who, in blue, commanded a Union unit in the re-enactment.

Five Little Soldiers

And the high emotions that held sway on the mock battlefield gave way sometimes to lightheartedness.

The other morning, five young boys strode through the vast, tented encampment of the re-enactment players as if they owned it. They said they were from North Carolina, California, New Mexico, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

They called themselves the minimen of the camp. Four wore gray. One carried a big Confederate flag. The fifth and smallest, cap askew and long coat flapping as he walked, wore blue.

The oldest explained, "He's our spy."

And on the real Cemetery Ridge the other evening, two small children were playing on a stone wall at the high-water mark of Pickett's Charge, a spot where agony and ferocity, sustained by raw courage, had once ruled.

"Richard! Michele! I want you off there now!" their mother ordered.

"Why?"

"Because I told you to."

She could have been from Atlanta or Detroit, so universally American was the tableau. Somehow, it did not seem to matter which.

Photo: Davaid Muench/Universal Press

Two of the 634 cannons used in the Civil War's largest battle are dramatic reminders of the struggle here 125 years ago.

A GREAT BATTLEFIELD OF THAT WAR

fireworks.

PAGE 4D

Fort Wayne News-Sentinel July 1, 1988

From the Associated Press

GETTYSBURG, Pa.

Robert Winn stands silently in the tall, wet grass, studying the gently sloping field before him the way an artist sizes up a blank canvas.

This is ground zero, the field where Confederate Maj. Gen. George Pickett's charge was thwarted in the climactic action of the Civil War's Battle of Gettysburg.

More than 6,000 men ended up dead, wounded or missing in this field on July 3, 1863. With them, historians say, died the Confederate States of America's attempt to withdraw from the United States and form a separate nation.

Although the combat took place 125 years ago, Winn of Washington, Ill., can see it clearly, even through the haze of a rainy day.

So can Gabor Boritt, a historian who lives on a nearby farm that was used as a Civil War hospital. "Shut your eyes and you can see the whole thing," he says. "Think about it too much and the tears well up in your eyes."

Winn can also see a lesson in the bloodshed of Pickett's charge and the two days of fighting that preceded it.

"It's history that I hope never repeats itself," he says softly.

Army Capt. Phil Toms views the same field, thinking about what he would do if history does repeat.

"When I look at a piece of ground, I try to think what I would do if I had to fight here," says the Kentuckian, who had an ancestor in the Confederate Army. "The battlefield is a good place to study small unit leadership skills."

Winn and Toms are two of the more than 2 million visitors the National Park Service expects to tour the south-central Pennsylvania battlefield during an observance of the 125th anniversary, which officially began with a Memorial Day parade.

Attendance is expected to peak today through Sunday — the actual dates of the battle — and again Nov. 19, the anniversary of President Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address to mark the opening of the military cemetery.

Even without special events, about 1.4 million tourists come each year to retrace the steps of the Union and Confederate armies through the boulder-strewn woods and fields where they fought the only major battle on Northern soil.

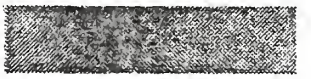
Some residents, and what the publisher of the town's newspaper calls "the purist-type historians," are up in arms about the cars and congestion, the proliferation of fast-food restaurants and souvenir shops, and a nearby observation tower that soars 307 feet above Cemetery Ridge.

While one faction worries about development, another group battles a park service plan to continue restoring the battlefield and limit vehicle access to Devil's Den, where Confederate sharpshooters hid among the rocks and fired on Union troops holding Little Round Top.

Bob Moore, the park service's media director, expects 40,000 visitors a day at the beginning of July, more than five times the town's population. Thousands more are likely to crowd into the cemetery in November.

Park Service officials say the typical visitor stops for a few hours on a day trip, usually while on the way to another vacation spot. Winn, who enjoys reading about battles but doesn't consider himself

Millions of Americans have followed Lincoln to Gettysburg, where 48,000 "gave the last full measure of devotion."



Gettysburg events

Admission is free to the 3,800-acre Gettysburg National Military Park that surrounds the small town of Gettysburg, Pa.

So is the brochure at the Visitors Center explaining the crucial battle that took place there during the first three days of July in 1863 between Union and Confederate armies.

Hours are 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily. At the Cyclorama Center, visitors can see a panoramic painting of Pickett's charge. Admission is $1 for visitors ages 16 and older, free for visitors ages 15 and younger. The electric map orientation costs $2.

Over the Fourth of July weekend, the celebration will feature:

- A daylong reunion of modern military veterans tomorrow.
- Peace Day on Sunday featuring a 6 p.m. ceremony at the Eternal Light Memorial during which the flame will be relighted with gas. Due to the oil embargo in the early '70s, the energy source was switched from gas to electricity.

Carl Sagan will be the guest speaker and President Ronald Reagan may attend.

a Civil War buff, made a quick detour to the battlefield on the way to visit his daughter in Richmond.

Many of the short-term visitors are schoolchildren on field trips. Indeed, on some spring days the fields where wave after wave of Confederate soldiers marched to their doom are filled with endless columns of students, whose primary interests seem to be when to eat and where to buy souvenirs.

Serious visitors can spend an hour or more in one place, surveying the rows of stark marble cubes marking the graves of unknown soldiers in the cemetery or replaying the heroics of Joshua Chamberlain at Little Round Top, Southwell's favorite spot.

Chamberlain, a college professor commanding a regiment of volunteers, earned a niche in history on the rock-strewn hillside by ordering his men, who had run out of ammunition, to use bayonets to hold off Confederate fighters on the second day of fighting. Southern forces could have surrounded the Union lines if Chamberlain's defense had failed.

"You could spend a couple weeks here and still not see everything," says Southwell, a self-professed "Civil War nut" from Grand Rapids, Mich., as he packs maps and other souvenirs into his car trunk.

Regardless of how long they stay, the visitors

Please see **GETTYSBURG/2D**

Gettysburg: hallowed battlefield and the Pickett's Charge Motel

GETTYSBURG/*From 1D*

spend money. A recent study by a graduate student at Shippensburg State University estimates tourists pump $42.7 million a year into the local economy. Tourism is the second-biggest industry in surrounding Adams County, behind agriculture.

Showing a visitor the starting point of the main Confederate attack, Boritt, a professor who directs the Civil War Institute at Gettysburg College, says the Civil War is "the central event of American mythology. It goes beyond history. It is brother against brother. It is war on a human scale."

The Union victory here was the key event in the war because it ended a string of losses by the Army of the Potomac and because it forced Gen. Robert E. Lee and his troops to retreat from Northern soil.

A Southern victory could have forced the North to give up, some scholars say. Or it could have persuaded European governments to aid the Confederate cause.

Boritt, an intense man in his late 40s, became drawn to the Civil War after he left Hungary as a teen-ager in 1957.

Studying the war, he says, is part of "a love that I found in America. You adopt a country and you make an effort to become part of it. How better to do it than to get involved in the American Civil War?"

The professor, escorting some guests around the field, recounts Lee's message to the Confederate fighters who straggled back from Pickett's failed attempt to break the center of the Union line. "It's all my fault," the demoralized general is quoted as saying.

"He's historically accurate," Boritt says. "It was his fault."

When a guest who suggests the outcome might have been different if Lt. Gen. James Longstreet had moved his men into position faster on the second day of the battle, Boritt retorts, "He was the brightest general on this battlefield."

Col. Hal Nelson, who teaches at the U.S. Army War College in nearby Carlisle, says Longstreet's action is just one of a number of questions military buffs continue to debate.

They also argue about Lee's decision to march on the Union center. They wonder if the fighting could have ended sooner if, on the first day, Confederate fighters had moved to the high ground of Cemetery Ridge after cracking one flank of the Union line.

Nelson says touring the battlefield is good training for officers because the Civil War was the first modern war and the tactics used then are still helpful in conventional warfare. Several times each year, he brings students from the War College and officers from regional Army bases here to debate tactics and study the terrain.

One War College student wrote that a visit to Gettysburg calls attention to "the fundamentals of our profession — courage, fortitude, perseverance and selflessness. . . . There is something to be gained from walking those fields that will never be found on a computer terminal or Pentagon briefing chart."

Ruin of Gettysburg under investigation

▶ A secret land deal is blamed for its bulldozing.

From the Chicago Tribune

WASHINGTON — It was a scene of fierce fighting at Gettysburg, the epic bloodletting that transformed the Civil War.

As part of the Union line broke late on the battle's first day, Confederate soldiers converged on the blue-suited troops as they tried to escape through a cut in Oak Ridge.

One Union survivor later described what ensued as "probably the most desperate fight ever waged between artillery and infantry at close range without a particle of cover on either side."

But now part of that Pennsylvania ridge has been bulldozed, and a railroad spur slices the area.

And as concerns arise about threats to the preservation of historic battlefields, a congressional subcommittee is investigating why the National Park Service let this happen at Gettysburg.

Rep. Mike Synar, D-Okla., the subcommittee's chairman, yesterday charged that the damage occurred largely because the Park Service is too secretive in its land dealings.

Roger Kennedy, the director of the Park Service, said the destruction of part of the Gettysburg landscape occurred "inadvertently." He added that his agency is taking steps to make sure similar problems do not occur at other sites.

The changes at Gettysburg stemmed from a 1990 land swap between the Park Service and Gettysburg College, which owns a tract that includes part of the battlefield.

The college gave the Park Service an easement on 47 acres. The government, in turn, handed over ownership of 7.5 acres, including part of Oak Ridge and the cut through it, so the school could move a rail line off its campus.

Others testified that in addition to moving the rail line, the college and a railroad company also built a new rail spur, knocked down stands of trees and carved into the ridge at a severe angle, which caused erosion.

College officials contended that they had provided the Park Service full information about their plans.

But former Rep. Peter Kostmayer, D-Pa., who was involved in the original land negotiations, testified that "all sorts of work was done that we were never told about."

He also said the Park Service and college should restore the land.

"Certainly it will cost Gettysburg College millions," said historian William Frassanito, who also testified. "But we cannot think of a more appropriate punishment for those who arrogantly spent millions to make this a 'done deal.' "

Official Who Approved Gettysburg Land Swap Is to Be Transferred

By TODD S. PURDUM
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, June 11 — The head of the Gettysburg National Military Park, who consummated a land swap that destroyed a sliver of the Civil War battlefield in southeastern Pennsylvania, will be transferred, and the chairman of a House panel that oversees the National Park Service says he will try to undo the damage wrought by the deal.

Representative Sidney R. Yates, the Chicago Democrat who heads the Appropriations Committee's subcommittee on the interior, asked the Park Service this week to study how to restore Oak Ridge, a sloping spit of land that figured in the first day of the pivotal three-day Battle of Gettysburg in July 1863.

'Gettysburg Is Central'

Tons of earth at the end of the ridge were removed three years ago, after Gettysburg College, a private institution that abuts the battle site, acquired 7.5 acres of parkland to relocate a rail line that ran through its campus. In exchange, the college granted the park an easement on 47 acres of college land nearby.

"I don't think we ought to give up on it," Mr. Yates said of the loss of the land, which has drawn the wrath of preservationists and historians. "To my mind, and I'm sure to most Americans, Gettysburg is central to the Civil War, and this really amounts to a rape of it. Money's limited, of course, but for something like this, we'll do everything we can to see if we can get it corrected."

Until Mr. Yates, wielding the power of his subcommittee's purse, weighed in, the issue had drawn the interest in Congress' of only Representative Mike Synar, Democrat of Oklahoma. As head of the Government Operations Committee's subcommittee on the environment, energy and natural resources, Mr. Synar conducted an extensive inquiry into the land deal.

Testimony at a hearing Mr. Synar held last month indicated that the deal had been poorly handled by parks officials and showed that college officials had not specified how much of the ridge would have to be destroyed to move the rail line. College officials have maintained that they followed all required procedures and did nothing wrong. The director of the Park Service, Roger Kennedy, told the panel that the results had been a tragic mistake, and he suggested that a management shake-up was imminent.

Late last month, as part of personnel changes at several parks, the superintendent at Gettysburg, Jose Cisneros, was told that he would be transferred to Big Bend National Park in Texas later this year. Mr. Cisneros was not in charge at Gettysburg when the land deal was negotiated, but he approved it.

Transfer Called Not Punitive

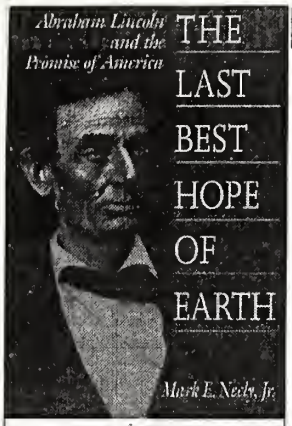
In a telephone interview this week, Mr. Kennedy said that Mr. Cisneros's transfer was not punitive. "The responsibility for this sequence of errors is not easy to fix," he said. A replacement for Mr. Cisneros has not been named.

In a report to Mr. Synar this week, Mr. Kennedy outlined options to minimize or reverse the negative effects of the swap. They include stopping erosion at the excavation site, where parkland has continued to slide down the hill; using plantings to camouflage a retaining wall; restoring Oak Ridge to its original condition, or pursuing legal action to reclaim the land from the college. Mr. Kennedy proposed the first option for the moment.

Mr. Synar replied in a letter that he strongly opposed taking any action that would diminish the chance that the site might some day be fully restored. "I am not satisfied that the service has adequately explored all its options with respect to restoring the ridge," Mr. Synar wrote. Both Mr. Synar and Mr. Yates said the Park Service should explore the costs and feasibility of reacquiring the land.

In the interview, Mr. Kennedy said that parks lawyers and engineers would consider all the options, and said of Mr. Synar, "I am fully prepared to do what he wants."

6/12/1994



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Romance vs. Reality at Gettysburg: A Reconnaissance Report on the Books

By Glenn LaFantasie

THERE is no escaping the powerful hold that Gettysburg has on the American imagination. The 130th anniversaries of the battle and Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address were commemorated last year with noisy re-enactments and high-sounding orations. "Gettysburg," a film based on the 1974 Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, "The Killer Angels," by Michael Shaara, was released to selected theaters around the country in 1993; it will be broadcast later this month as a television miniseries.

Meanwhile, with somewhat less fanfare, books about Gettysburg — the battle, the address and the place — have rolled steadily off the presses. Gettysburg has been the subject of more books than any other battle in American history, and the list of titles keeps getting longer. Richard Allen Sauers cites more than 2,700 books and articles in his useful volume "The Gettysburg Campaign, June Third to August First, Eighteen Sixty-Three: A Comprehensive, Selectively Annotated Bibliography" (Greenwood Press, $45), which was published in 1982 and covers the available literature up to that date. When it comes to Gettysburg, no reader should ever be at a loss to find a good book.

Yet much of this writing — with some notable exceptions — is nothing more than ritualistic recitations of the Gettysburg story that do not significantly advance historical scholarship or popular understanding of the events that took place there. "Gettysburg historiography," laments Mr. Sauers, "has been in a rut for the last 50-odd years." While some recent scholarly works indicate that historians are beginning to map out some different — and innovative — approaches to interpreting the battle and its distinctive place in American history, the fact is that most books, old and new, simply repeat the great myths about Gettysburg over and over again.

These myths derive not only from our intensely romantic image of the Civil War, our "Gone With the Wind" picture of the past, but also from the 10 simple sentences that Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg four months after the battle, sentences that effectively turned the battle — and the entire war — into a symbol of American sacrifice and lofty purpose. We have, however, paid a serious price for this exalted view of Gettysburg, for in our failure to see the battle as it was, we succeed only in glorifying war and diminishing its human cost.

• • •

Gettysburg is deeply embedded in our national consciousness; our attachment to it is emotional, even spiritual. More than a million people visit the Gettysburg National Military Park every year to see for themselves the place where, from July 1 to July 3, 1863, Gen. Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia and Maj. Gen. George G. Meade's Army of the Potomac hammered away at each other across verdant fields. That hellish slaughter resulted in 51,000 casualties. Historians have called it the turning point of the Civil War and the "high-water mark of the Confederacy," but for tourists who visit the battlefield and for others who read books about it, there is something sacred and mystical about Gettysburg. "The blood in the earth runs deep at Gettysburg," wrote Norman Cousins in 1964, "but the eye sees only an enchanted land."

FROM "THE CIVIL WAR: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY"

Dead Union soldiers after the Battle of Gettysburg.

In fact, the battle and the address are no longer ordinary historical occurrences. Unlike, say, the siege of Yorktown that ended the Revolutionary War, the events that transpired at Gettysburg in 1863 have gently passed into the fuliginous realm of American mythology. What happened there, if the mythology is to be believed, was a cataclysm waged among gods, a great and terrible battle that ultimately decided the fate of the nation. Lincoln's speech, which called for a rebirth of freedom, has confirmed Gettysburg's pivotal place in history. It was there, on that hallowed ground, that a new America was born.

This epic version of Gettysburg is compelling. Like the ancient tales of Homer, the story has been repeated by numerous bards. Historians have pored over every conceivable aspect of the battle, have explored archival nooks and crannies to uncover fresh evidence, have analyzed Lincoln's address from countless angles and have written about Gettysburg in amazing detail. What's most striking about these books is that most of them say pretty much the same thing, so much so that the repetition seems ritualistic, as if the tale were being recited by one village shaman after another.

Such retellings do not mean that all books about Gettysburg are, to borrow a phrase from Lincoln, a "bad bargain." Historians are beginning to look at the battle from several new angles, including some clear-eyed perspectives on the experiences of common soldiers, blue and gray, who faced the heat of battle on the front lines. Other writers are profitably turning their attention away from the legendary commanders to focus instead on the leadership of field officers and the outcome of the split-second decisions made in the glare of combat, not in the shade of headquarters. And Garry Wills, in his recent study of the Gettysburg Address, offers a perceptive, compelling analysis of the complex meanings and continuing reverberations of Lincoln's speech. All in all, historians appear to be formulating a more complex — and a less romanticized — conception of Gettysburg's bloody reality.

Yet there is no easy path to understanding what this battle, this frightful nightmare come true, was like for the men who fought it. To help readers find their way over what can be some fairly rugged terrain, I offer my own reconnaissance report on the literature, concentrating primarily on titles that tell crucial parts of the story and are currently in print, but without taking note of every Gettysburg book available in bookstores or in the catalogues of mail-order houses that specialize in the Civil War (and that often serve as the publishers of original Gettysburg titles or reprints).

The place to begin is with general histories of the battle that serve as the prime purveyors of Gettysburg's mighty legends. In these books the focus is on the battle itself. Lincoln's speech, if mentioned at all, comes up in a final chapter or epilogue.

Bruce Catton, a gifted storyteller and perhaps America's most famous Civil War historian, wrote two general histories of Gettysburg. The best known of these, "Gettysburg: The Final Fury" (Doubleday, cloth, $17.95; paper, $10.95), is a surprisingly slim narrative that lacks Catton's usual verve and flair. Paradoxically, Catton's fullest treatment of the battle is contained in an illustrated book for children, "The Battle of Gettysburg" (American Heritage Junior Library/Troll Associates, $14.95), a marvelous tour de force that does not compromise detail or style for the sake of a younger readership. Although he concentrates on the generals of both armies and the decisions they made at Gettysburg, Catton does not forget to include

Glenn LaFantasie, the editor of "Gettysburg: Colonel William C. Oates and Lieutenant Frank A. Haskell," is writing a book about Little Round Top.

1994

some discussion of the front-line soldiers in his account.

Another general history, one that skillfully combines splendid illustrations and handsome graphic layouts with a strong narrative, is "Gettysburg: The Confederate High Tide," by Champ Clark and the editors of Time-Life, published as a volume in the subscription series "The Civil War" ($19.95). This lively chronicle portrays the strife of battle as it was experienced by the soldiers who fought one another at such now famous sites on the battlefield as Cemetery Hill, the Peach Orchard, Devil's Den and Little Round Top. Particularly effective is a gallery of photographs displaying the haunting faces of soldiers, North and South, who were killed or wounded at Gettysburg.

ALL of these books have great narrative drive. But the reader looks in vain for critical analysis, innovative perspective or differing interpretations. In book after book the reader encounters the same basic conclusions: supposedly suffering from infectious myocarditis or pericarditis, or from a severe case of diarrhea and an uncharacteristic lethargy, Lee was not himself during the battle and made plenty of mistakes; Lee's chief lieutenants served him badly and made plenty of mistakes; Meade was lucky, made few errors and quickly remedied the blunders made by his subordinates; after the battle, Meade's biggest lapse came when he allowed Lee's army to escape; later still, the sins of Gettysburg were washed clean by Lincoln's eloquence, which gave meaning to the great human suffering that had taken place across those bloody fields and hills.

Even the most respected scholarly account of the battle, Edwin B. Coddington's superbly researched, massive work "The Gettysburg Campaign: A Study in Command" (Macmillan, paper, $23.95), borrows its interpretive framework from earlier treatments by presenting throughout a bulky narrative and distended endnotes a vigorous defense of Meade against the general's many detractors. Coddington's book falters, however, on another score. Never has this battle seemed more like a bloodless chess game than it does in Coddington's hands. The book is, in the words of an old Civil War song, "a hard road to travel."

Flesh and blood elements can be found more easily in Glenn Tucker's "High Tide at Gettysburg: The Campaign in Pennsylvania" (Morningside Bookshop, P.O. Box 1087, 260 Oak Street, Dayton, Ohio 45410; cloth, $19.95; paper, $11.95), a well-written book that tells the story mostly from the Southern point of view, but ultimately suffers from the author's carelessness and imprecision. Tucker also took up the cause of restoring a general's good name, in this case, Lieut. Gen. James Longstreet, a corps commander in Lee's army. Vilified by his former comrades in gray and by a host of later historians, Longstreet has been criticized for delaying his attack along the Union left flank on the afternoon of July 2 and for carrying out Lee's orders with a reluctance that bordered on insubordination. Attempting to rescue his hero in this book and in a later study entitled "Lee and Longstreet at Gettysburg" (Morningside Bookshop, paper, $11), Tucker argued that Longstreet displayed sound strategical and tactical judgment throughout the campaign. Historians, however, continue to ask many nagging questions about the general's conduct. These debates over who did what on the battlefield (and whether or not they should have done it) make up the interpretive core of most Gettysburg books. The disputes involving Meade and Longstreet are not the only ones associated with the battle. Controversy surrounds the action — and inaction — of practically every general and field officer who reported for duty at Gettysburg. Every battle, of course, generates points of contention and endless speculation on the "what if's" of history. But the controversies that fill the pages of books on Gettysburg tend to take the place of fresher interpretive analysis; ultimately, the arguments divert attention away from other important aspects of the battle, such as the part played by men in the ranks (*not* the generals) in determining which side would be victorious, perpetuating the tenacious mythology of Gettysburg.

Nearly every book on Gettysburg argues that the battle was an accident, the unintentional encounter of two armies that never planned to meet in this tiny crossroads town. This pervasive view, however, avoids the stark reality of Gettysburg: it was a deliberate killing field. The fact is that Lee did invade the North, which meant he was looking for a fight on enemy territory. Meade set out to find Lee and stop him, which inevitably had to end in battle. It is true, nonetheless, that the two armies took each other by surprise when they collided. Lee was operating virtually in the dark as he moved through Pennsylvania, for his cavalry commander, Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, was off on one of his flamboyant rides around the Army of the Potomac, an extended absence that has become another subject of Gettysburg's famous arguments.

Most historians seem innocently unaware of the implications of their concentration on the battle's controversies or their ceremonial renditions of events. Innocent or not, these writers frustrate — and defeat — the practice of history by invariably lapsing into disputes about the battle that were first sounded many years ago, somewhat like the arguments in an embattled marriage — old incidents and recriminations that are repeatedly and unprofitably flung between bickering spouses. The rituals of debate have left the fields of Gettysburg fallow. In an essay published 20 years ago in The Georgia Historical Quarterly, James I. Robertson Jr. observed that "the single theme of Gettysburg has now been exhausted. No new light on the battle remains to be shed, and all possible interpretations have been presented."

Even so, the outpouring of Gettysburg books has never slackened. It is possible, in fact, to follow the battle from beginning to end, almost minute by minute, by reading in order a small war chest of books that can take you from the very first shot to the very last without any break in the action. In the formulaic retelling of the battle, every deed has meaning, every detail is important. It is almost as if every spent bullet and every lost button has been accounted for on the battlefield, but no one seems to know what all of this might mean. To be truly important, the small deeds and details must add up to something; they are not significant all by themselves.

On the misty morning of July 1, 1863, the opening shots were fired when Confederate troops marching into Gettysburg came upon a Union cavalry patrol just outside of the town. The best account of the first day's struggle, which, as time wore on, spread like a bloodstain across the fields north and west of the village, is Warren W. Hassler Jr.'s "Crisis at the Crossroads: The First Day at Gettysburg" (Stan Clark Military Books, 915 Fairview Avenue, Gettysburg, Pa. 17325; cloth, $25; paper, $12.95). A collection of scholarly papers by four historians, "The First Day at Gettysburg: Essays on Confederate and Union Leadership," edited by Gary W. Gallagher (Kent State University, paper, $14), reconsiders the roles played by three Confederate generals, Lee, Richard S. Ewell and A. P. Hill, and the Union officers of the 11th Corps in shaping the outcome of the day. These essays help to demonstrate that nothing at Gettysburg was preordained. As Mr. Gallagher points out in his introduction, the first day's fighting presented "a fluid environment charged with opportunity and potential disaster." The battle could have gone either way that day and during the two days that followed.

Leadership was a crucial — and deadly — element on the second day, when the failings of generals on both sides set disaster and mayhem in motion. In a sequel to "The First Day" published last September, "The Second Day at Gettysburg: Essays on Confederate and Union Leadership" (Kent State University, cloth, $24; paper, $14), Mr. Gallagher and four other historians focus their attention on the old controversies surrounding Lee and Longstreet and the Union's Gen. Daniel E. Sickles (whose mistakes nearly handed victory over to the Confederates) as well as the comportment of two lesser-known Federal generals, Henry W. Slocum and John C. Caldwell. The essay on Caldwell, written by D. Scott Hartwig, a historian at Gettysburg National Military Park, is particularly noteworthy, for it looks at the battle from the perspective of a field commander who actually led troops into combat.

But by far the most complete account of the battle on July 2 is Harry W. Pfanz's "Gettysburg: The Second Day" (University of North Carolina, $34.95), a dramatic portrayal of Longstreet's attempt to dislodge the Union Army from the southern shank of its line. Unraveling the complicated actions that occurred along the Union left flank that hot and fateful afternoon, Mr. Pfanz has written an engaging book that describes the experiences of commanders and soldiers alike. His account is long on details but short on mythology — a rarity among Gettysburg

Continued on next page

FROM "THE CIVIL WAR: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY"

Confederate soldiers captured at Gettysburg.

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Gettysburg: A Report

Continued from preceding page

books. Mr. Pfanz's most recent book, "Gettysburg: Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill" (University of North Carolina, $37.50), maintains these high standards. It provides a meticulous examination of the desperate engagements that over the course of the three days swept up and down the rough slopes of these two hills, the strategic anchors of the Union right flank.

The final day of the battle dawned cloudy and hot. At about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the stillness that had settled over the battlefield was broken by the roar of two Confederate signal guns, the initial blasts of an incredible artillery duel that lasted two hours. When the guns finally stopped and the smoke cleared, the Union infantry massed along Cemetery Ridge — most of it standing not far from a clump of trees at the center of General Meade's line — saw an awesome, terrifying sight: a long, rippling tide of Confederate brigades, some 12,000 men, flowing steadily toward them. In the space of no more than an hour, Maj. Gen. George Pickett's charge would become history — and the stuff of legend. George R. Stewart, in "Pickett's Charge: A Microhistory of the Final Attack at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863" (Houghton Mifflin, paper, $10.70), separates fact from fiction in a gripping retelling of the assault and its repulse. "That afternoon," writes Stewart, "no one knew that it was [the] high-water mark." Only later, he says, did the men who fought at Gettysburg realize that "something symbolically decisive, even in the history of the world, might have happened there by the little clump of trees."

WHEN the soldiers finally did realize what had happened to them at Gettysburg, they wrote about it in diaries, letters and later in memoirs. Richard Wheeler's "Witness to Gettysburg" (NAL/Dutton, paper, $9) uses narrative to link together long extracts from a plentiful number of diaries and memoirs, but Mr. Wheeler's words sometimes overpower the testimony of the participants. Gettysburg voices, however, do have their own say in "The Gettysburg Papers" (Morningside Bookshop, cloth, $50; paper, $22.50), edited by Ken Bandy and Florence Freeland, which reprints 52 hard-to-find essays and pamphlets written by Union veterans of the battle.

Other voices, Northern and Southern, can be heard coming from an unexpected and excellent source, "The U.S. Army War College Guide to the Battle of Gettysburg" (HarperCollins, paper, $12), edited by Jay Luvaas and Harold W. Nelson, which uses generous excerpts from the after-action reports prepared by Union and Confederate officers. One does not ordinarily turn to a guidebook to find eyewitness accounts, but their use in this work heightens the impact of the tour. At each stop along the way, one gets to read the words of the men who struggled for that particular parcel of terrain.

But the very best collection of such firsthand accounts, written by soldiers and civilians, is an older book entitled simply "Gettysburg," a wonderfully diverse selection of testaments on the battle that was edited by Earl Schenck Miers and Richard A. Brown and published in 1948. (It is currently out of print.) In their introduction the editors explain that they were concerned with "the human document of Gettysburg: why these men of the North and South fought and died here, what mean or noble thoughts motivated their acts, what passions and compassions stirred their hearts." The well-chosen excerpts answer their concerns and offer a great deal more: a richness of texture, time and place that most narrative histories utterly fail to achieve.

To see and hear Gettysburg as the combatants did is, obviously, an impossible quest. The closest one might get to a sliver of what they saw is in William A. Frassanito's "Gettysburg: A Journey in Time" (Macmillan, paper, $19), which ingeniously compares each of the extant photographs taken by Mathew Brady and several other famous photographers shortly after the battle with a modern view of the same scene today. Some of the "bodies" visible in a few 19th-century shots of the battlefield were those of photographers' assistants posing for effect. But in studying the pictures that show real corpses lined up for burial, dark, bloated and ghastly in their disfigurement, we must at last put aside the myths surrounding Gettysburg and come face to face with this battle's cruel and unavoidable reality.

Interestingly enough, the book that has confronted this reality, that has brought to life the human tragedy and brutality of the battle, is not a work of nonfiction, but Michael Shaara's novel. Since its appearance 20 years ago, "The Killer Angels" (Random House, cloth, $20; Ballantine, paper, $5.99) has enjoyed much acclaim and great popularity. Among its devoted followers are Ken Burns, who says the novel inspired him to produce his PBS documentary "The Civil War," and Ronald F. Maxwell, the resolute director who spent 15 years bringing "The Killer Angels" to the screen as "Gettysburg." The film, in turn, has sparked some renewed interest in Shaara's book. After the movie's limited release last October, the novel appeared on The New York Times Book Review's list of paperback best sellers for 13 consecutive weeks.

The movie, which is the first film to tell the story of the battle in detail, is a tremendous accomplishment, a powerful spectacle that dramatizes the epic nature of Gettysburg but also portrays the personal agony and heartache of this cruel war. While the film is remarkably faithful to the novel, it lacks the book's unnerving charm and chilling simplicity. It is the book, in the end, that singularly succeeds in depicting the battle of Gettysburg as a series of tableaux in which men caught up in the fury of combat act out the darkness of their souls — the very opposite of what Lincoln had called "the better angels of our nature" — and make irrevocable decisions that result in the slaughter of their foes, the decimation of their commands and even in their own deaths.

HISTORIANS, who generally praise Shaara's novel, could learn some very useful lessons from it. By coming to grips with the brutality of Gettysburg, as Shaara so effectively did, historians could begin to break through the constraints of the folklore and romanticism that have entrapped so many writers in the past. The mythology serves an obvious purpose: it protects us from the horror of Gettysburg, which was, by any measure, an American orgy of violence and death. The embellished story of Gettysburg is repeated in the same old way because to tell it differently risks puncturing the protective veneer and confronting the gruesome truth about the battle, the men who fought it and perhaps, even, about ourselves. It is frightening to contemplate how well the soldiers of both sides did their jobs at Gettysburg.

Abraham Lincoln recognized the particular American tragedy of Gettysburg and decided a few months after the battle to say something about it. His address at the dedication of the Soldiers' National Cemetery at Gettysburg on Nov. 19, 1863, was an attempt "to reach beyond all the ghastliness left by the battle," says Philip B. Kunhardt, the author of "A New Birth of Freedom: Lincoln at Gettysburg." His book on the Gettysburg Address, currently out of print, is a standard account of the circumstances that led to the oration's composition and delivery. It successfully deflates several of the myths surrounding Lincoln's speech, including the most persistent one, which has the President writing his remarks on the back of an envelope while riding on the train to Gettysburg. The best evidence suggests that Lincoln wrote most of the address in Washington and finished it in Gettysburg the night before the dedication ceremony — and that no envelope was involved.

But it is Garry Wills's "Lincoln at Gettysburg: The Words That Remade America" (Simon & Schuster, cloth, $23; paper, $12) that has supplanted Mr. Kunhardt's book and all the other conventional accounts of Lincoln and his address. The book, published in 1992, received a Pulitzer Prize. Despite some interpretive eccentricities, such as disowning the rail-splitter's frontier roots and portraying Lincoln as "a Transcendentalist without the fuzziness," Mr. Wills has penetrated more fully the mythology of Gettysburg than any previous author by effectively revealing the layers of Lincoln's intent.

It was Lincoln, he says, who transformed the ugly outcome of three days of furious fighting at Gettysburg into "something rich and strange." The Gettysburg Address elevated equality, the central theme of the Declaration of Independence, to "a newly favored position as a principle of the Constitution." Because, as Mr. Wills notes, the Constitution itself "countenanced slavery" and made no mention of equality, Lincoln used the Gettysburg Address and its purposeful allusion to the Declaration of Independence as a means of "correcting" the Constitution "without overthrowing it." After the Gettysburg Address, the principle of equality would stand as a cornerstone of American freedom. As a result, asserts Mr. Wills, "we live in a different America."

But there was something more that Lincoln accomplished. The address, as Mr. Wills points out, gave meaning to Gettysburg as "a symbol of national purpose, pride and ideals." Actually, the symbolic significance of Lincoln's speech flows even more widely than Mr. Wills has suggested. Confronting the dreadful reality of Gettysburg, those grisly remains that still awaited reburial on the day of the cemetery's dedication, Lincoln honored the men "who here gave their lives" for the sake of their country, but in so doing he helped Americans — then and now — focus on the ideal of the warrior's sacrifice rather than the reality of the soldier's suffering. The ground at Gettysburg, as Lincoln said, had been duly consecrated, as if gods, rather than ordinary soldiers, had spilled their blood there. His heroic image of the dead at Gettysburg did not, at the time, diminish the gory reality of the battle and the war. But as Lincoln's speech gained in popularity after his death, his words were increasingly understood as accomplishing something he claimed they could not: hallowing the ground

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at Gettysburg. With his eloquent and powerful words, Abraham Lincoln gave the nation its greatest political oration and turned a bloody battle into a sacred American symbol.

Is there, then, no way to get beyond the ritualism and mythology that has circumscribed the study of Gettysburg? Perhaps one way out, the easiest way, is for historians simply to cast aside the controversies that have molded the interpretive framework of previous books. Specifically, the battle should be rethought, avoiding the old reliance on received opinions and on deterministic "turning points."

BUT something else is sorely needed, an approach that tries to grasp what this horrible battle was like for the men who fought it. Different methodologies could prove helpful, especially the "face of battle" technique (pioneered by the English military historian John Keegan) that reconstructs the reality of conflict experienced by soldiers "at the maximum point of danger." The device of "thick description" (used in ethnographic studies by Clifford Geertz and other cultural anthropologists) that accumulates the quotidian details of a culture — or, perhaps, a battle — until an interpretation emerges and shapes itself from the mass of collected facts might also prove very helpful. Some Gettysburg books, including Mr. Pfanz's works and the volumes edited by Mr. Gallagher, have begun moving in these directions, although in a less systematic manner than might be required. There needs to be, at the very least, an attempt by historians to take stock of the hideous slaughter that occurred at Gettysburg and the terrible toll it took on those who witnessed and survived it.

These approaches would emphasize and unveil, like layers peeled from an onion, the role of the common soldier in the battle, a point of view that, surprisingly, has not been employed in most Gettysburg books but that would enable us, finally, after all the avoidance, to confront the battle's dark and dreadful brutality almost as the soldiers themselves encountered it, head-on. In the soldiers' own words can be found the sharp, personal meanings of Gettysburg. To sweep away the persistent myths, historians must use these words and analyze their meaning, telling the story of Gettysburg anew. From these strong words, these hard memories, we may begin to comprehend what Gettysburg was truly like for the men who saw it all. For the veterans who survived the frightful calamity of Gettysburg, the battle lived on forever in their troubled hearts.

Gettysburg is not dead, and everything has not been said about it that can be said. But the battle needs some scholarly resuscitation. Otherwise our poor plight will be to hear the same old tale again and again. □

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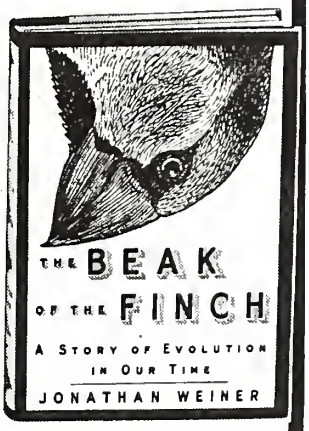

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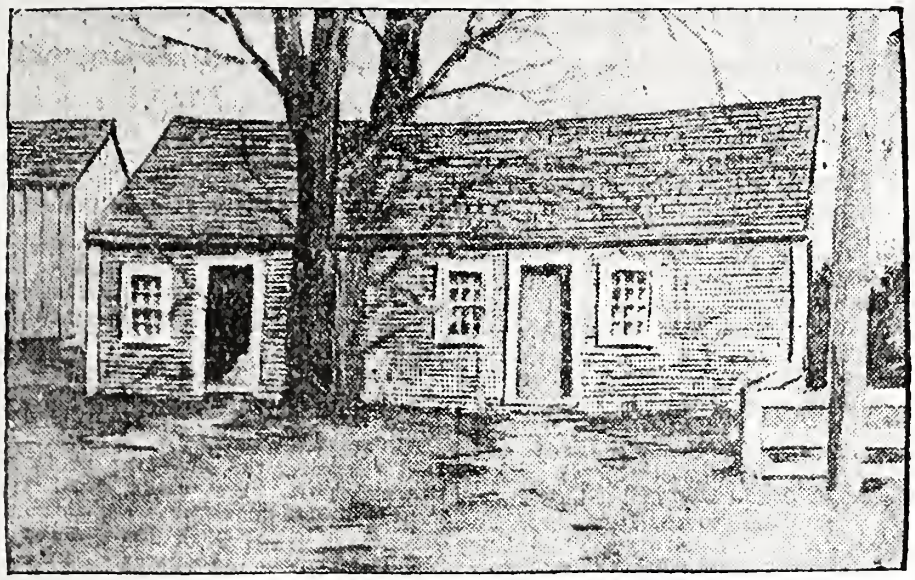


BIRTHPLACE OF GEN STANNARD, GEORGIA, VERMONT.

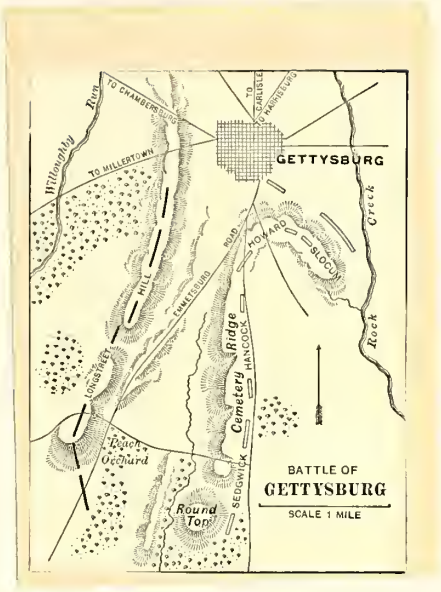
Residents of Georgia, Vt, are again making an effort to have preserved as a memorial the old house in which Gen Stannard was born.

The question has been agitated frequently by various organizations, but has never come to an issue.

The Daughters of Vermont and the Grand Army men have taken turns at considering the idea, but in each case their enthusiasm overbalanced their available funds and they were powerless.

Now the citizens of Georgia have become aroused to the fact that the old house will not much longer stand the ravages of New England wind and weather unless immediate steps are taken to arrest decay, and they are, therefore, racking their brains to find some means by which this bit of real estate may be kept sacred to the memory of this beloved son of Vermont.

Notwithstanding the frequent agitations it is doubtful if one person in twenty would recognize the name of Gen Stannard when he heard it, or at any rate place him where he belongs among the heroes of Gettysburg, whose quick comprehension and rapidity of action turned the tide of battle and saved the day to the union.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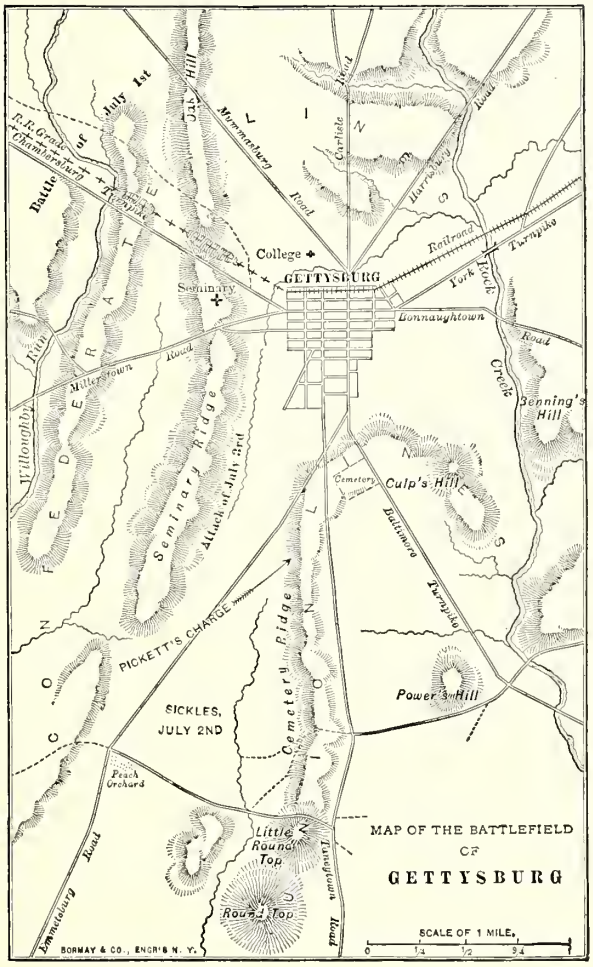
TO CARLISLE
HANOVER
GETTYSBURG
Willoughby Run
TO HILLERTOWN
HOWARD
SLOCUM
Rock Creek
HILL
TAWNEYTOWN ROAD
Ridge
Cemetery
HANCOCK
LONGSTREET
Peach Orchard
SEDGWICK
Round Top
BATTLE OF
GETTYSBURG
SCALE 1 MILE


Battle of July 1st
R. R. Cross Chambersburg
Chambersburg Turnpike
Seminary Ridge
College
GETTYSBURG
Seminary
Mummasburg Road
Carlisle Road
Harrisburg Road
Railroad
Turnpike
York Pike
Bonnaughtown Road
Millerstown Road
Fairfield Road
Willoughby Run
Attack of July 3rd
Cemetery Ridge
Cemetery
Culp's Hill
Baltimore Turnpike
Benning's Hill
Power's Hill
PICKETT'S CHARGE
SICKLES, JULY 2ND
Peach Orchard
Little Round Top
Round Top
Emmetsburg Road
Taneytown Road
MAP OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG
SCALE OF 1 MILE.
0 1/4 1/2 3/4 1
BORMAY & CO., ENGR'S N. Y.